February 3, 1993

THE PICTURE

Anyone for Dennis?

No. 230

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NOTICE: SOME PEOPLE MAY BE OFFENDED BY SOME OF THE CONTENTS

SPORTY SPUNKS DROP THEIR DAKS FOR...

NUDE NETBALL

Qld Home Girls boast 'WE'RE OZ'S SEXIEST SHEILAS'

'I boffed my dead wife's GHOST' says sheet-scared bloke

OW! STRIPPER STARTS BUSHFIRE! - in her PANTS!

A love story

POMMY TUGGER GETS HORN FOR CAR (& follows through)

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HELLO, READERS, & WELCOME TO

Page 2

READERS!

Dying to know what happened next in one of our vintage yarns? Wanna see Lucy Gresty's norks ONCE MORE? If there's any moment from THE PICTURE's past you'd like to re-live, write to Whatever Happened To...? GPO Box 5201, Sydney, 2001 (NZ: PO Box 6982, Wellesley St, Auckland). We'll pay $20 if we use your idea.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO...

READER **Darren Comley** of Plympton, SA, writes: *"Whatever happened to Crasha, the drinking man's cultural icon? One of the first things I ever did with each crisp, new weekly edition of THE PICTURE was to catch up on the exploits of the best cartoon pisshead ever in print.*

Then he got canned, dumped like yesterday's vomit. Is he dead? Is he pissed? Did some goody-fucking-two-shoes kidnap him and take him to AA? What the fuck is going on? Bring back Crasha, NOW, weekly. And what happened to John Elder? Fuck, I give up."

Don't give up, Darren — your prayers have been answered. Crasha WILL be back, starting next week, for A LIMITED TIME ONLY.

But don't forget he originally got the arse because no one voted for him in a readers' poll. Don't blame us — blame your fucken mates!

...and JOHN ELDER?

AND as for John 'Bigmouth' Elder, probably the greatest living journalist to have been so utterly unprincipled; greedy and insensitive as to have written for THE PICTURE, well...in his own words *[grab your dictionaries, readers]*:

"Decided the pretentious twat image wasn't working. Was reading stories to the deaf as penance for being socially unbearable. Got fired from the sheltered workshop after throwing a tantrum because the mute people made funny sounds which he took personally. Still talks to losers at bus stops."

Which is John's *special* way of saying:

- Bigmouth got the arse, and
- He's still editing Gripping Yarns. ■

EVERY BLOODY WEEK

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Cold? Feeling slightly POLAR? Warm up to LOLA - page 29

Crossing the frontiers of science and underpants...

BAT CRACKS FAT

IN NEWS just to hand, a bat cracked a fat last week.

The bat, an inmate of Jersey Zoo, in the Channel Islands off France, apparently just cracked one.

Zoo staff were unable to explain the event.

One moment the bat was hanging upside down, the next it had a raging BIG BAT FAT.

Known as a Livingstone fruit bat after the 19th century explorer David 'Dr Livingstone I presume' Livingstone, this bloke has a two-metre wingspan and comes from Anjouan, a small island just north of Madagascar.

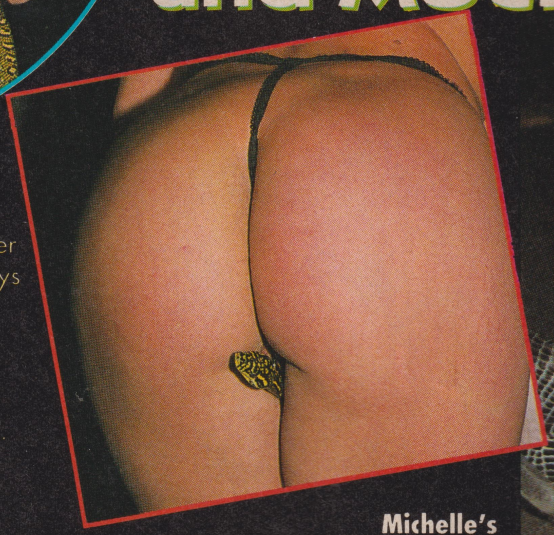
Livingstone's journal, recorded during his circumnavigation of the island, makes no mention of bat fats.

We only mention it now because we're THE PICTURE.

What else can we say? It's a bat with a fat...and THAT'S THAT. ■

GOODNESS SNAKES, BA

She's got 'em all – and MUCH MORE!



Michelle's snake tours her bum.

STORY BY KYLIE GREY
PICTURES BY DAVE MORGAN

BRAINY Sydney stripper Michelle Hunter always suspected there was more to life than letting pythons CRAWL AROUND HER NETHER REGIONS — even if they were her mates.

So now — at horrible personal risk — she singes her soft brown skin with RAGING HOT FIRE and *still* lets pythons crawl around her nether regions!

Readers with memories will recall Michelle, 22, from our May 22, 1991, issue (*Ripper Stripper Writhes With Pythons*), when we reported with breathtaking accuracy the details of Australia's premier SNAKE AND SMOO SHOW.

We decided to COIL on Michelle again — and found that she'd not only expanded her act to include fire, she'd stumbled across a solution to a problem that God never really ironed out when He invented women — body hair.

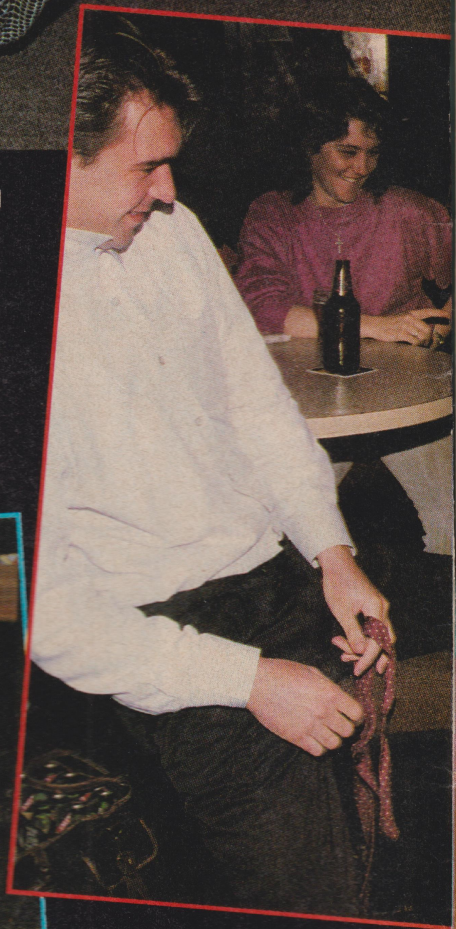
"I've had heaps of burns but I don't even need to shave any more because all my body hair has been SINGED," she said.

"I don't feel the pain until I get off the stage and it has never been bad enough to make me stop the show."

For Michelle, it was a case of out of the frying pan and INTO THE FIRE!

"I used to work in my parents' fish and chip shop on the NSW South Coast," she said.

Hot licks — and without a guitar in sight!



"My parents would prefer it if I was a secretary or something like that but I love what I'm doing."

Michelle started stripping with snakes two years ago but found that by using fire she could set a crowd alight.

"If the guys are really rude while I'm on stage I put fire in

GRACIOUS!
ALLS & FIRE!

The Snake Woman featured in THE PICTURE in May '91.

their faces," she said.

"Once this guy NIPPED IT OUT so I singed his pubes," she laughed. "I've never burnt anyone badly but the insurance part worries me.

"I like doing the fire show best because I can be more aggressive.

"You gotta have music that is pretty intense so I usually do the routine to Motorhead and Metallica."

Michelle often leaves the stage with serious burns, but it doesn't stop the BUBBLY, JUBBLY BLONDE from giving punters what they paid for.

"Guys really like my show because they get sick of seeing girls just take their clothes off," Michelle said.

"Guys just sit there and yell, 'Wow, she's mad!' But a touch of madness doesn't hurt."

She uses a Queensland carpet snake and a diamond python in her snake routine.

"I was the first person in Oz to get permission to use snakes as part of a dance routine," she boasted.

"And I've been bitten heaps. It stings when they bite but they're not poisonous."

She reckons her reptilian friends might get the HORN when sliding over her BODACIOUS BOD.

"Snakes' genitals are inside their body so I don't know if they get aroused," she said.

The snakes and the fire don't feature in the same act but, 'cos the snakes'd shit themselves and BITE HER TITS OFF.

"Me and my snakes trust each other," Michelle said proudly, adding that she never gets nervous when the snake is sliding over her fanny.

Next she plans to take her show to Japan and the States.

"I want to bring back GIANT SPIDERS from the US and do a show where I put them in strategic places," she chortled. ■

Punters who want to book Michelle for a show can page her on (02) 214 7814.

QUEENSLAND... BEAUTIFUL ONE DAY, HOMIE THE NEXT!

Are these splendid banana-benders the country's lungs-out leaders?

A LOT — nay, a SHITLOAD — of our hero Home Girls come from the banana-laden Sunshine State, Queensland.

We wondered why it was so. Are Queensland gals more heroic? Bolder than the average gal? Brainier? Spunkier? Nakeder? Is it something in the water or, as Thunderclap Newman asked, something in the air?

Maddened by curiosity, we rounded up a bevy of beaut Qld Homies, took loads of piccies and asked them if they knew.

And this is what they said after "I think Queensland girls are more likely to be Home Girls because..."

PICTURES BY JOHN McCANN

HEATHER
Eagleby

"We know we're the best in Australia and this is the way to prove it. Besides, we'll try anything once — including daylight saving! And our climate tells us not to wear too much clothing — if any!"

ANNE
Kingaroy

"Queensland girls are healthier and fitter because our state is not as polluted as the southern states, so we're out in the fresh air enjoying ourselves."

JOHNNA
Nudgee

"Most of us grew up in sparsely populated areas where skinny-dipping was considered the norm — no inhibitions. And nobody enjoys looking like a beach ball, so we indulge more in outdoor activities, thus maintaining our figures and outgoing natures."

TANIA
Kingston

"Us Queensland girls are friendly and warm, with gorgeous weather most of the time. Why be in the southern states huddled in jeans when you can be up here with us? Just look at the girls and see — we've got the best men, surf and sea, for free!"

DEANNE
Toowoomba

"Queensland girls have beautiful, tanned, gorgeous bodies, are smarter, have a great sense of humour and overall are more fun to be with."

RACHELLE
Waterford West

"We have one of the best coasts in the world and to complement this we strut our assets with no inhibitions. And with Queensland being a leader in sporting activities, it's important to be fit to maintain a long night of wild dancing in one of our outrageous nightclubs. We're obviously the best."

SHARONITA
Browns Plains

"Queensland girls are daring and love sharing and gearing their bodies to prove to Australia that they're simply irresistible."

LOUISE
Labrador

"Our sultry, hot weather makes us want to strip off all the time. We also have the best-looking guys. Queensland is just a natural, fun and down-to-earth place with the friendliest people as well."

LYNNEY
Browns Plains

"We have beautiful beaches and great weather and have more 'oomph' than the southerners."

SHIRLEY
Thulimbah

"Our summer weather is so good that we are always trying to keep cool. So why not take off our tops? It's so easy. We're always checked out by guys at the beach, so why not show them something in a great mag and be paid for it as well? Every girl is sexy in her own way."

Enjoying a Homie get-together are (standing, left to right) Anne, Lynney, Louise, Rachelle, Sharonita, Tania and Deanne, with Johnna (left) and Heather taking a seat on the rocks.

QUEENSLAND... BEAUTIFUL ONE DAY, HOMIE THE NEXT!

Enjoying the sunshine and a refreshing glass of champers with Brissie as a background are champion Homies (from left) Deborah, Jeannie, Patricia, Kelly and Anne.

CAROL
Woodford
"Being Queensland and the Sunshine State, we tend to look after our bodies better so we can go out and get a tan on the beaches. Then all that sunbaking makes us a lot hotter and hornier than other states. Yo, way to go!"

JOANNE
Rockhampton
"We live in the Sunshine State. We have better beaches, more sun and what better than a day at the beach soaking up the rays, getting a tan and keeping fit with some activities with the guys. Queensland girls have more spice."

LYNNE
Townsville
"We are a lot more outgoing and laid-back than the rest of Oz. Also, due to the hot temperature and clothing being skimpy in summer, having a few photos sent to Home Girls in what most of us wear to the beach is no big drama."

ELIZABETH
Maryborough
"Queensland girls are more open-minded about their bodies and use the climate to their advantage — for better boobies and being sexy. Well, maybe our guys are a little more physical and kinky, and leave the rest to you."

DEBORAH
Brisbane
"We have beautiful weather and friendly, laid-back lifestyles. Plus our boyfriends love us showing off our hot bods."

VANESSA
Cooran
"We work and play in the beautiful Queensland sunshine, which gives us energy and zest for a happy outlook on life. We are the sun-kissed babes of the universe."

ANNE
Capalaba
"We have more sun, surf, sex and a laid-back lifestyle. And we don't stand nonsense from anyone. And we have better bods where it counts."

PATRICIA
Chermside
"Queensland girls work very hard at getting a better body by doing a lot of workouts."

KELLY
Northgate
"We're more outgoing and feel if you've got it, flaunt it. Up here it's beautiful one day and perfect the next. And all men love to see tits."

JEANNIE
Nambour
"Queenslanders spend more time looking after their bodies. It's a healthier lifestyle up here, which reflects in the way you look. Most local girls take their tops off on the beach and everyone sees them for nothing."

KELLY
Hervey Bay
"This is a tropical area. History has shown a hot, balmy climate has a melting effect on inhibitions. We Queenslanders wear clothing only when we have to and then as little as possible because of the heat."

CALLING ALL HOMIES EVERYWHERE

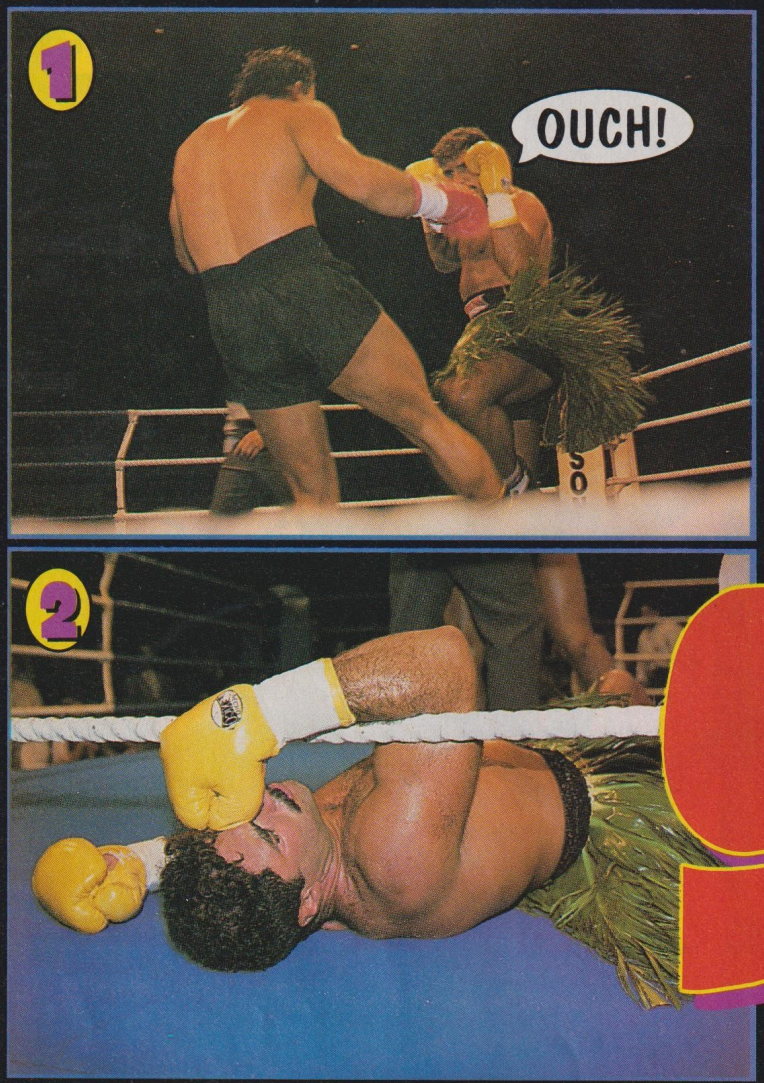
THE hero Homies of Queensland have thrown down the gauntlet, shouting "Queensland Home Girls are the best in Australia, yaboo sucks to the rest."
Gals of Australia, this is a challenge that HAS TO BE MET, and met quick. You shouldn't take this big-noting lying down, or in ANY OTHER POSITION, so...

☞ South Australians, leave them crows off the menu and stand up and be naked
☞ WA, quit groping that sand and show 'em who's tops of the tit parade
☞ Victoria, take time out from hoeing and weeding the dole queues of the Garden State to let us know what you feel
☞ New South Wales, don't be a bunch of Premier pillows
☞ Tassie, where maps come from, flash your apples for us
☞ New Zealand, stay where you are (but keep flying your Homies snaps over DOUBLE KIWIK), and
☞ Northern Territorians, mail us pictures of your top end (and bottom, too)
☞ ACT — looking at your hidden bits would be CAPITAL!

Fill in our easy-to-fill-in Home Girls entry form on page 62 and RUSH IT TO US, telling us why you think YOUR state's Homies are better than Queensland's. ■

Move over, Van Damme...

HERE COMES STAN



1. Dennis Alexio fought in a GRASS SKIRT... 2. So Stan was forced to thump him!

AUSTRALIA's new, undisputed world kickboxing champion, Stan 'The Man' Longinidis, plans to BASH a few more contenders before tossing it in for a career PRETENDING to bash people in Hollywood.

In December last year, 27-year-old Stan took a whole 13 seconds to DECIMATE the reigning world super-heavyweight kickboxing champ — Seppo Dennis 'The Terminator' Alexio.

Since then, Stan's wasted little time preparing for his future. He wants what Jean-Claude Van Damme, Steven Seagal and Chuck Norris have got or had — money and movie contracts (and probably MAMMARIES, but we didn't ask him on account of him being a lot BIGGER than we are).

"The world's eyes of kickboxing are on us after the fight with Dennis," Stan told THE PICTURE, as we looked nervously over our shoulders.

"They say heavyweight fighters don't peak till they're 30. I don't plan on finding out. I'm hoping to fade out of the sport and fade into the movie industry.

"I've worked hard, but now it's time to convert that hard work to financial opportunity.

"You CAN'T BANK EGO."

As if in a prophesy, a punter at the Alexio v Longinidis bout was overheard to say, "This is just like the movie *Kickboxer*," in which Alexio, as Van Damme's brother, ends up in a wheelchair with broken legs.

Dennis Alexio came out of the Stan fight with a broken tibia and a fucked fibula — FOR REAL.

Stan lived and fought in the States for nearly three years, where he was introduced to the action movie circuit.

"That's where I have aspirations," he said. "I worked on a couple of things in America when I was over there. Just small parts in between fights."

Asked what he thinks of the wave of ultraviolent action films — whether they're good or just UTTER SHITE — Stan reckons it "depends on the budgets of the movies. Lately the Van Dammes and the Steven Seagals are making big movies and they're looking good.

"Obviously young kids are looking at them and it's helped the sport."

Stan says he's not going to Hollywood on a whim — he's got connections.

"Definitely. A gentleman named Roger Corman *[Attack of the Crab Monsters, The Pit and The Pendulum, Creature From The Haunted Sea, It Conquered The World, The Man With X-Ray Eyes]*, he made a lot of Jack Nicholson movies. He told me I had a lot of potential in the industry."

Stan met Van Damme, but didn't punch him. "He claims to have done a lot before movies, but...he's handsome, got a good physique, he's good at making money and he's popular."

So what about good looks — has Stan got 'em?

"Not necessarily handsome men are actors. Charles Bronson's not a good-looking man but he's got a lot of sex appeal.

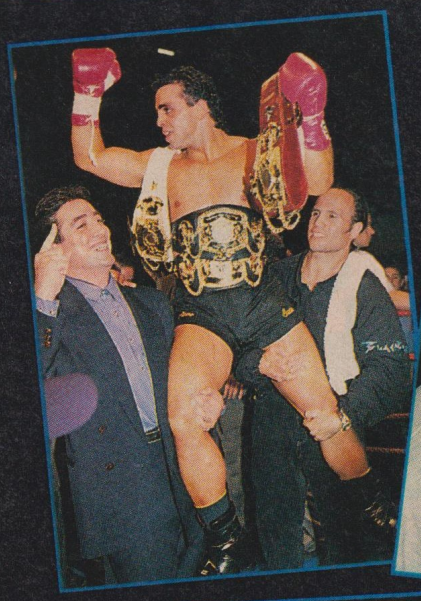
"I'd much rather play a nice guy — a hero rather than a villain.

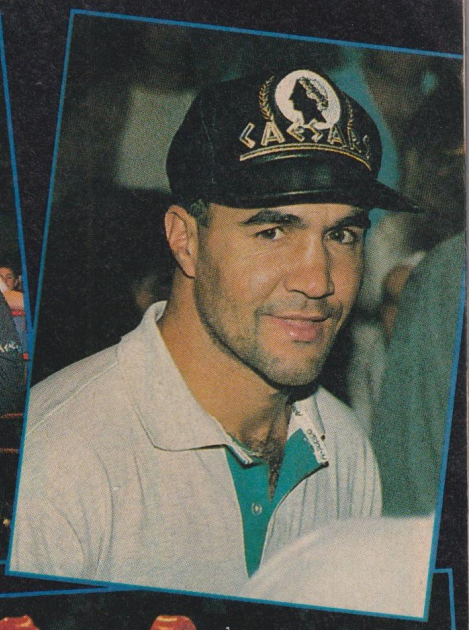
"The main thing to me is to be positive with the roles that I pick — have a positive reflection."

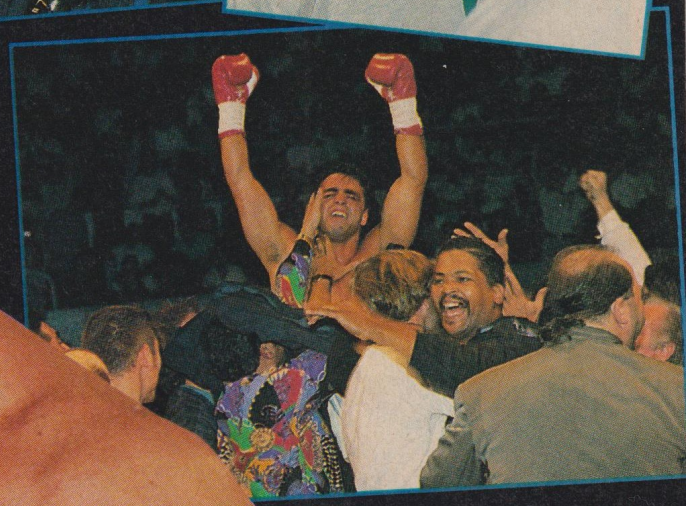
But IS there a positive side to all this violence? What about LOVE?

"Violence is part of life," he says. "Whether we like it or not, we have to accept it. It's up to the individual...I know I can handle myself but I never abuse a situation.

"It's how you conduct yourself. The image we're projecting is NOT to go out and beat people up in the







Victory was sweet for...oh, hello, who's that at top right? Why it's that boxer bloke, Muhammad Fenech.

street. It's about self-confidence and fitness.

"There's no local hero in Australia — it's a perfect opportunity to do it here. And I'd like to get that recognition..."

As world champion, Stan says he has a duty not to be a WANKER.

"I feel like I'm in a very responsible position right now. What you say and how you conduct yourself.

"It's important to handle success and stay humble at the same time."

One last thing, Stan — do you ENJOY pain?

"Um, of course, I don't like getting hurt — they say the best fighters are the ones who win without getting hurt.

"But...I LOVE pain." ■

THE PICTURE SEZ:

Oh.

It had to happen! It's... NUDE NETBALL

BY NETBALL EDITOR RON ELY
PICTURES BY JOHN McCANN

NONE BUT the blind estuarine mullet could deny that as a sport, netball has ARRIVED.

The little ladies are out there, they're doing it, and we're pants-wettingly proud of all of them.

And sure, we all know that up till now, ABC television pretended they could give a fuck and actually gave the game half an hour in a dismal late-night slot they tried to con us was PRIME-TIME.

But when our girls recently thrashed the Windies (well, Jamaica anyway) in a Test series — in the manner of so many of our mighty cricketing teams that went before them — they came close to pushing the blokes off the back pages of our hallowed tabloids.

Yet deep in our hearts, we at THE PICTURE know that even though our girls are all GENIUS SHEILA NETBALLERS, the game is as DULL AS SHITE.

It's crap and we all know it.

That's why we propose to save the game before the sponsors realise they've backed a turkey.

Our idea is new, although our method is not. In fact, it's been used to pull many a floundering trade back into the black.

And this magazine is more than qualified — and happy — to act as ideological guardians as our netball teams make the vital adjustments which will keep them on the court well into the next century: we're talking tits and smoo-out netball.

At this point you're thinking: "It's so simple! And it's so crazy it just might work! Why didn't anyone think of it before?"

Because, readers, the truly GREAT moments in ideas and philosophy are wrought over time and through the changing seasons.

They *occur*, they dawn upon you, like the MORNING BEER SHIT.

Put simply, it was RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES but we couldn't see the NORKS for the TITS.

Or if you will, the SMOO for the BEAVER.

On these pages we present you a vision of how the game will look before too long.

We think you'll agree that it's a BEAUTIFUL THING. We think after seeing this you'll settle for nothing less.

We think the traditional, tragic scene of the only spectator at the Tuesday night game being a baby in a bassinet tied by a leash to a light pole will become a relic.

News bulletins and normal TV programming will be trashed as we all sit around — together again as a family — watching all-night NUDE NETBALL.

Stadiums will be packed. People will start smiling again. People will stop and throw their underdaks in the air.

Think about it. Then whack off a fax to the National Netball Association telling them you support them.

We know they'll be pleased to hear from you. ■

Signwriter Ted Page (left) paints on a player's position... in this case, she's playing in Great Knockers.

Netball was crap. Now it's not. And it's all thanks to us. This has been another community service announcement from your pals at THE PICTURE.

Ozsports Arenas, 150 Caxton Street, Milton, Qld, feature netball, indoor cricket, soccer and volleyball. Phone: (07) 368-1088. Signwriting courtesy Ted Page — everything from billboards to babes. Phone: (07) 355-9655.

Just for the HECK of it...

DARE-IT

We all know it's dangerous just setting foot out the door these days, but some crazy Seppos don't just accept danger as a part of everyday life, they INSIST upon it. Their lives are useless unless they're seconds from death and dismemberment. For them, comfort is the only true enemy. They fear nothing but fear itself *[whatever that means, but it SOUNDS GOOD]*, and they do it all for weird Seppo crowds who couldn't give a fuck whether they lived or died. Champions or chumps? Icons or idiots? Heroes or very farken stupid bastards? YOU can be the judge, jury and...well, don't worry about being executioner 'cos they'll probably kill themselves eventually!

PICTURES BY JEFF WERNER

BREEZY RIDER

BIZARRE stuntman Bob Correll regularly attaches a hang-glider to his bike and leaps the distance of THREE football fields. The kitecycle was designed by the same guy who thought up the X-1 skycycle for Evel Knievel *[Remember him? He's the bloke who PLOUGHED into about 50 fuggin' buses for our enjoyment]*.

This stunt is so very, very dangerous that not once, not twice but THREE TIMES it's ended in a tockley-tearing crash as 'horrified' audiences looked on.

But this time it DIDN'T.

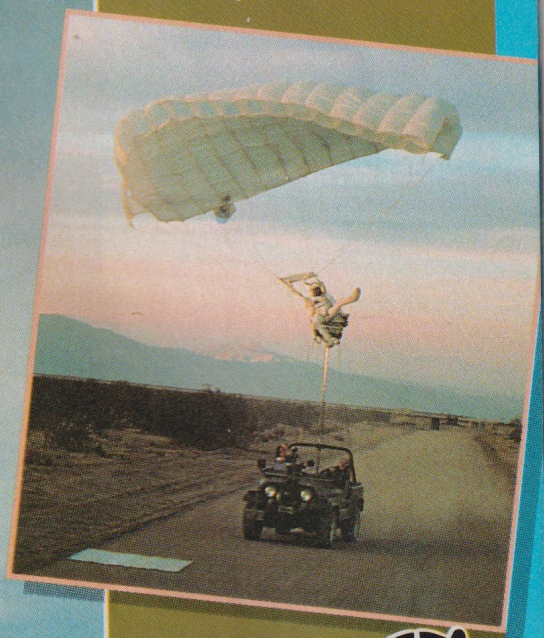
Bob amazed the crowd by jumping the kitecycle from a parking lot and over the grandstand — mere metres above their heads.

Hip hip hurray!

KER-azy bonehead Bob — is he bozo, hero, bozero?

T BLOKES!

Why doesn't Jimmy just GROW UP and get into a car like everyone else?



JEEP THRILLS

JIMMY Lynn Davis uses a parasail to guide him onto a CHAIR which is on top of a POLE which is on top of a MOVING JEEP.

If that doesn't sound incredible enough — and it BLOODY WELL DOES — consider that he launches himself from an altitude of 666 METRES.

[Yes, we know it's SPOOKY but that's what 2000 feet IS in metrics.]

At that height, Jimmy's feat could be likened to trying to land on a needle in a haystack.

"It's like trying to land on a needle in a haystack," Jimmy confirmed, while wrenching a chair out of his arse.

"We have to keep coming up with something new, but this is ABOUT AS FAR AS I'M GOING."

Maybe for his next stunt he could try parking three armoured personnel carriers up his arse!

It's almost as if he thinks he's got REALLY LONG LEGS!

Just for the HECK of it...

DARE-IT BLOKES!

SPANKY'S RING OF FIRE!

WE RECKON the most...INTERESTING of all these daredevils is Spanky Spangler, who amazed readers of THE PICTURE a year ago by crashing his truck ON PURPOSE.

In Spanky's latest caper, he stands atop a crane 50 metres in the air, hovering over an airbag that looks a very long way away indeed.

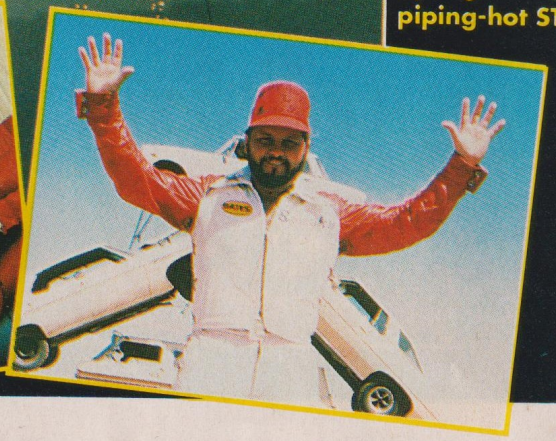
Perched on the edge of death, Spanky *[so named because of the WHACKING his arse gets when it inevitably hits something farkin' hard...we think]* kindly asks for assistance.

His little helper is happy to oblige by dousing Spanky in flammable rubber, striking a match to his body, AND kicking the fucker off.

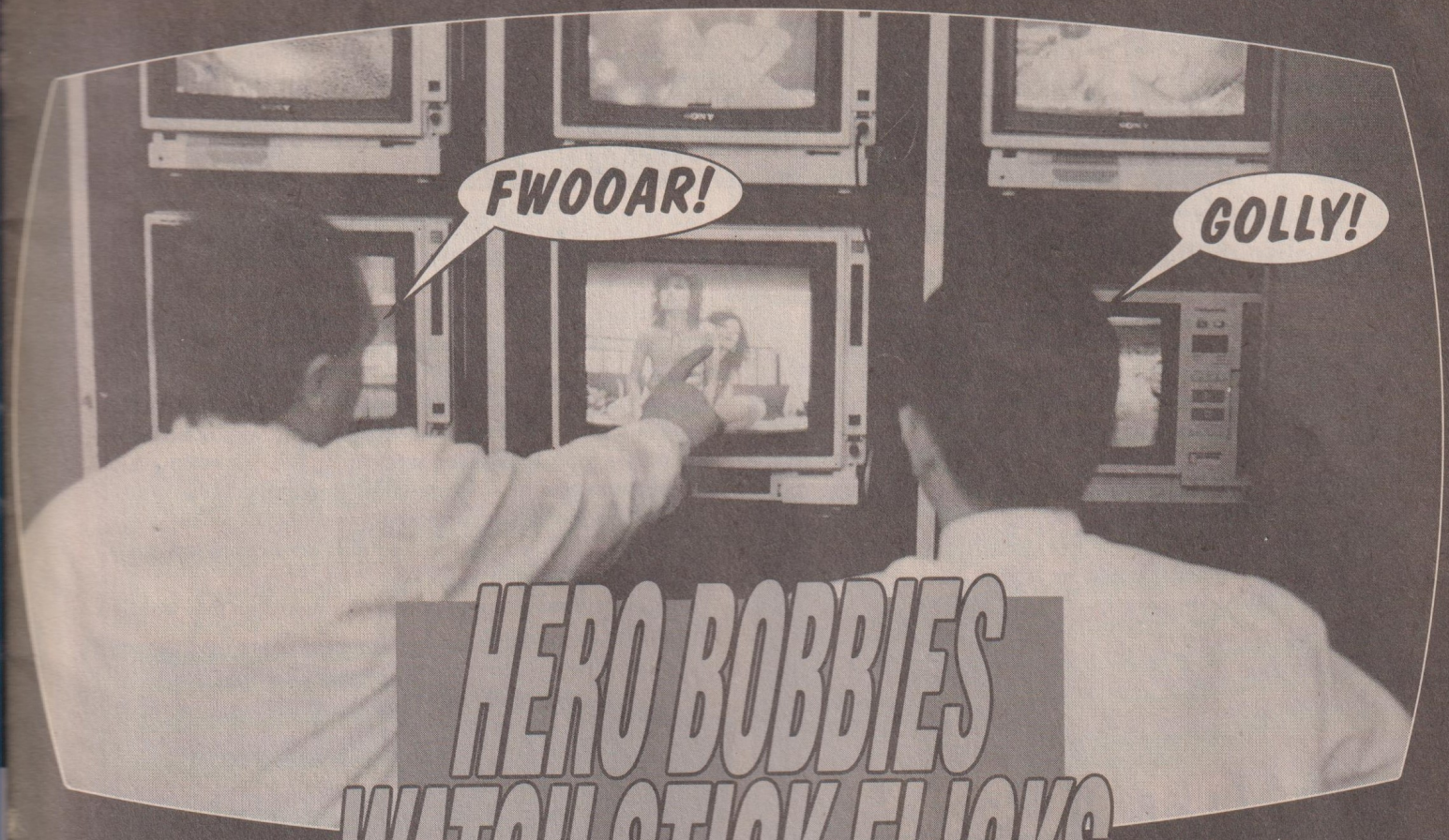
Spanky, now a HUMAN FIREBALL, plummets into the airbag, which is almost destroyed by the intense heat.

And it's a good thing it held out, because if it hadn't, Spanky Spangler would have been a piping-hot STREET PIZZA.

Instead, he emerges AN HERO — not an pizza at all! WELL DONE, Mr Spangler! ■



Spanky Spangler — he fucks with death and spits in the earhole of fate!



HERO BOBBIES WATCH STICK FLICKS ALL DAY

It IS a dirty job but...well, CRIKEY!

AS FAR as jobs go, watching stick fillums for a living would seem — on the face of it — to be a TOP ONE. Almost as good as working on THE PICTURE.

But, it's NOT.

Each day, 18 policemen and 10 civilians trudge with HEARTS A-HEAVY up seven floors to their desks and a small video screening room in the New Scotland Yard building, London, where their minds do battle with the overbearing will of their HUGE STIFFIES.

They are the Obscene Publications Squad. To them falls the thankless chore of watching eight hours straight of the VILEST CONFISCATED PORNOGRAPHY IN BRITAIN.

The good Lord knows they don't enjoy it. Not ALL of it, surely. But boy, it must be hard not to CRACK ONE, you cry!

No, readers, not really. Because they are not simply dealing with fillums involving consenting adults.

They must also watch child porn in the hope that the footage will provide clues that will lead to arrests of the makers and distributors.

PC Phil Hills, 37, married with children, explains: "We look for domestic clues. For example, things like telephones and power points tell us if the tape was made in this country or abroad.

"About five years ago there was a turning point in this department. We found that tapes that were bought in a pub or through an advert led to a dead end when we tried to trace their source.

"Then we realised it was possible to track down these people from the evidence on the screen."

Recently the squad used clues from a video to rescue a seven-year-old child and arrest a child pornographer.

The only woman in the squad is a researcher named June, aka 'Ferret'. When leads are thin the officers turn to her. She knows the lifestyles, contacts and even nicknames of many pornographers.

"Paedophiles are very shrewd," June says. "When they talk to children they use nicknames. So I've developed a nickname index."

But when there's no child porn investigations, the screens are filled with hours of ENDLESS REAMING.

When evidence is gathered during busts, the cops must watch every tape end-to-end — even the blank ones.

"The novelty wears off," says a cop called Spike. "It really is just like any other job."

Actually, Spike, it's not just like any other job. Because — QUITE FRANKLY — we've met lots of people who have jobs NOTHING LIKE YOURS.

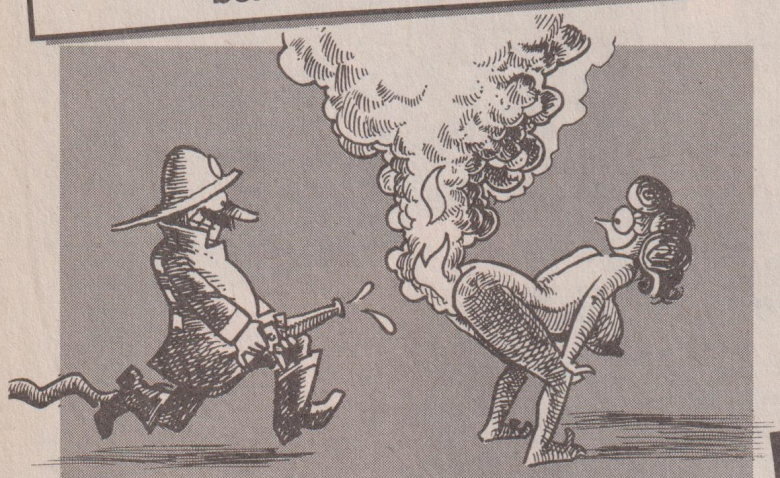
Like:

- The Pope
- Various train drivers, AND
- Certain iguanas living on the Galapagos Islands. ■

Hero Pommy coppers HARD at work on another PORNO BUST.

FILTHY FE

We realise everyone has to have a HOBBY but these are ridiculous!



HOT FLASH

APPARENTLY the bells rang for housewife Julie Saltariche whenever firemen dashed past. The 32-year-old mother-of-two admitted in court at Isleworth, England, that she'd had two affairs with firemen and was attracted to their "nice uniforms".

But pumping firemen wasn't what got Julie into hot water. It was her desire to watch them in action.

More than just the flames of passion were ignited when Julie sprang into action. She made several hoax calls to her local brigade and once set fire to her garden shed.

But the court was horrified to hear that she set fire to a neighbour's flat by poking some burning paper through the letterbox. The neighbour was away and the fire caused $50,000 damage.

Julie was doused, convicted and remanded for sentence.

GREEK STREAK

FATIF Obeid, 35, entered the realms of weirdness in August 1991 after arguing with a woman at his West End home in Brisbane.

She walked out and he followed her to the Greek Community Centre where a wedding function was being held, which was rudely interrupted as the couple screamed in.

Wedding guests screamed out as the spat continued and police were called in. Fatif refused to talk to them, used obscene language and had to be restrained before being put into the police vehicle.

Nothing unusual about that?

Consider this.

At all times, Fatif was wearing only a woman's waist-length jacket and bright-red underpants.

In the Brisbane Magistrates Court he pleaded guilty to disorderly behaviour and resisting police and was fined $100.

Unfortunately, nobody bothered to ask why he was dressed like a strange person.

FOOTISH

FOOT fetishes are by no means unusual. We've had the Martinsberg Leg Licker, the Atlanta Foot Stomper and now the St. Louis Toe Sucker, who asked girls to "Feet me in St Louis" once too often.

Edgar Jones, 29, of Missouri, entered the Fuckwits' Hall of Fame in March 1992 when he was charged with offences against the footsies of seven schoolgirls, two felony counts of sexual abuse and five assorted misdemeanor counts.

In incidents which occurred between late December 1991 and March 1992, Edgar knocked girls down, removed their shoes and sucked their toes.

But police finally caught up with Jonesy when they nabbed him posing as a jogger.

HELL FOR LEATHER

THE TORTURE CLUB is one of those filthy little nightclubs for peculiar little nightgrubs who like to dress in leather and have their hides tanned.

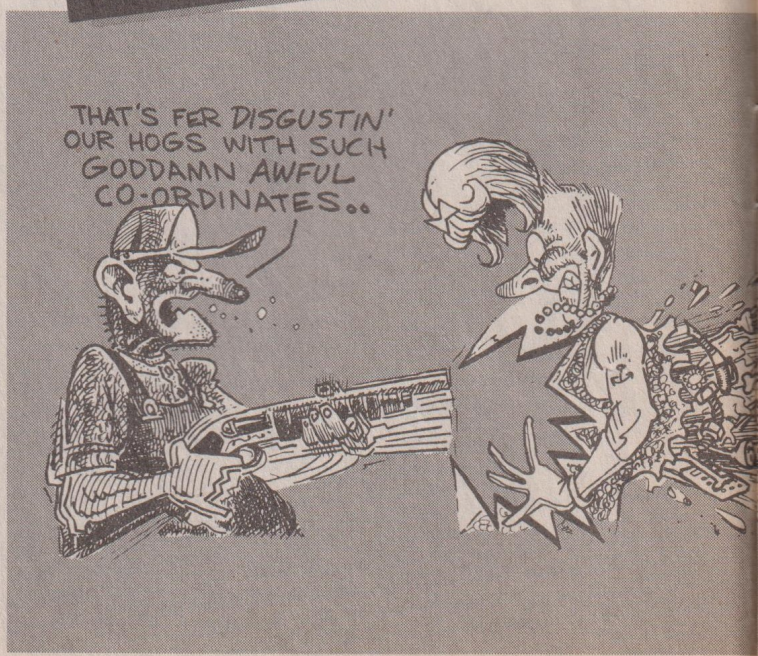
It's run once a month in a disused warehouse in Islington, North London, and everyone stays gay — until someone dies.

In April 1992 they suffered a bit of a pisser when 57-year-old Eric Stoneham was enjoying a bout of being whipped and spanked by leather-clad women on the dancefloor when he accidentally...died.

To add insult to injury, he was wearing only a nappy at the time.

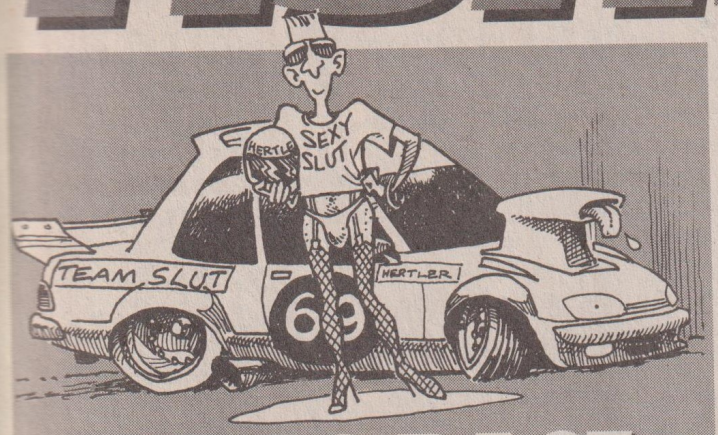
Not exactly a dignified exit. It was summed up by a female witness who said: "Nobody realised the bloke was dead. The music was really loud and dominant. Women and submissive men were living out their fantasies."

All except one who was dying out his.



TISHES

THE THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE!



DRAG RACE

IN NOVEMBER 1990 seven police cars chased a car at speeds of up to 120km/h through the streets of Melbourne, thinking it was driven by a neo-Nazi because they only caught a glimpse of what the driver was wearing.

But it wasn't Hitler. It was 20-year-old unemployed Glen Stuart who was wearing the only-occasionally-seen Nazi outfit of women's pink underwear, black fishnet stockings and a T-shirt with the words Sexy Slut on it.

Stuart pleaded not guilty in the Box Hill Magistrates Court to 15 charges and said he panicked when he saw the police. "I knew (the police) were going to make fun of me and I was embarrassed about the way I was dressed."

Asked by the prosecutor why he was dressed that way, he said he had no choice and could offer no reason.

The case wasn't made any clearer when his defence lawyer said Glen had been "having troubles" but had joined a church group and was being assisted by a priest.

But God wasn't on Glen's side that day. He was fined $1250 for recklessly causing injury, $1000 for driving in a dangerous manner, $200 on each of two charges for resisting police and $750 for assaulting police.

YOU'RE KNICKED!

BUILDER Rodney Follon, 39, got into trouble in December 1991 when his wife went after him full-on.

Mandy, 29, was his estranged wife, but accused him in court of being even stranger.

She claimed he stole her bra and knickers.

She didn't like finding a large Rod in her undies.

But the plot thickens. Apparently Rod and Mandy split when he discovered she was having an affair with local bingo night organiser Clive Bettisone in Lambourne, Berkshire.

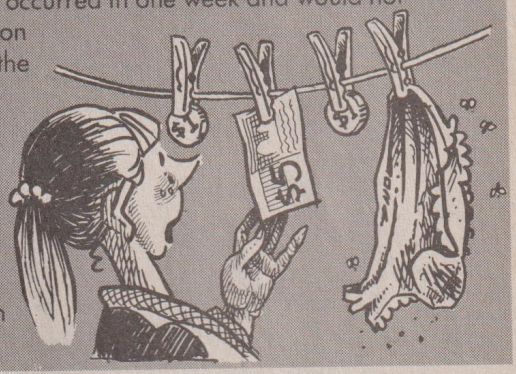
Well, Clive's number certainly came up, didn't it!

Rod had the last word when he poured acid on her claim with a line that still leaves us with a question: "Of course I haven't taken her undies," he said. "What would I want them for?"

CLOTHESLOON

THE FINE art of burglary was lifted a peg or two in April 1992 when police from Wangaratta, Vic, reported to the major Melbourne newspapers that they were investigating two reported cases of stolen female underwear from clotheslines.

Both offences occurred in one week and would not warrant a mention here except for the fact that the snowdropper left money pegged on the line to pay for his purloins — $100 in one instance, $20 in the other.



FEMME FATALE

A 48-YEAR-OLD insurance salesman could have done with a little life insurance himself when he came into contact with Harold Maass in Wisconsin.

In September 1992, the 77-year-old farmer Maass shot him dead because he was dressed as a woman outside the gunman's home.

It's an interesting way to sell insurance — but Maass obviously found it a bit of a drag.

District Attorney Linda Larson said that the victim "had a propensity for" dressing up as a woman and Maass "has a thought pattern that the world would be a better place if more people were shot".

Maass' daughter also sounded like she came from Mars when she summed up with the statement: "This guy is from Waukesha. He has no reason to be out here on our farm, and he was dressed as a woman."

A RIGHT HEEL

IT COULD only happen in California. A police file in June 1992 cited the case of a man who fooled what was described as dozens of Californian women into cutting up their shoes by promising them that he would send them new pairs.

One victim told police that she didn't realise the guy was not in step with humanity and that he phoned her saying he was conducting a survey for a shoe company. He asked her age, her address, her shoe size and which were her favourite styles and brands. She then cut up a $92 pair as he listened after promising her 40 new pairs over the next year.

But after she called the number he gave her she was surprised to reach the Hughes Aircraft Company who said they had received over 30 calls in the past week from footloose women who were anything but fancy-free.

An important message for our YOUNGER readers:

DON'T PLAY SOCCER WITH A QUOKKA!

ROTTNEST, the wee island 20 kilometres off Fremantle in Western Australia, has for years been a sort of DEVIL'S ISLAND.

Perth school-leavers — certainly the most hideous in the nation — flock to Rotto for their first taste of sex, drugs and the demon drink.

And there, in between rooting and raging, they terrorise the indigenous population — top bloke little quokkas, the hero marsupials that some Dutch fuckwit mistook for rats several centuries back and named the island after.

['Rott' is Dutch for 'rat' and 'Dutch' is Dutch for something else.]

The quokka is a darling critter that looks like a cross between a kangaroo, a BEAVER and a rat — and has become the subject of a game developed by ill-mannered Perth 'children' called 'QUOKKA SOCCER'.

The rules are simple. Sink piss until you can sink no more, try to stand up, locate a quokka, then boot it to see how far it can fly.

Even if you've never heard of quokkas, a basic working knowledge of Australia's unique jumping fauna would dictate that the animals do NOT have wings.

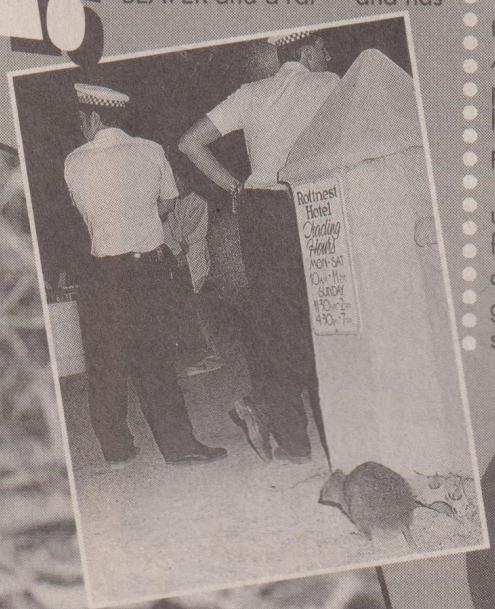
Call us old-fashioned, but we believe soccer is better with a round ball and oranges at halftime.

Employing the humble quokka as a ball tends to leave them reasonably DEAD.

And it's been a REAL LAUGH for the kids, but a bit of a downer for the quokkas.

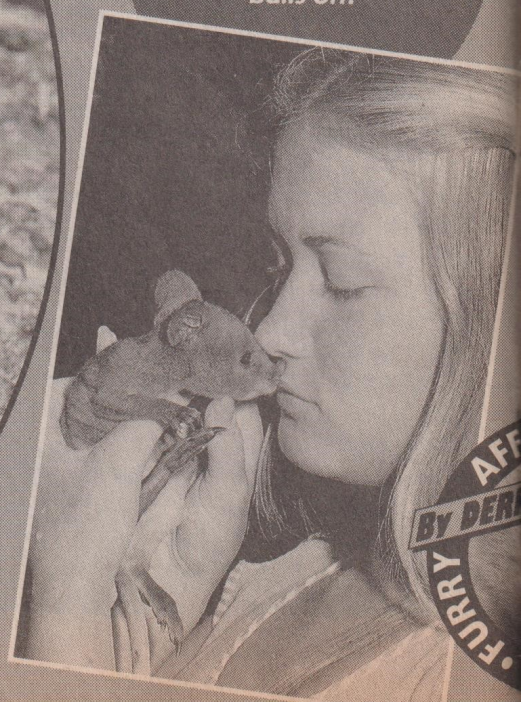
But research published in the *Medical Journal of Australia* shows that in the past eight months, 72 humans have been bitten by normally peace-abiding quokkas.

Oddly, most victims were under 20. So far it's only been fingers, legs and toes, but it's only a matter of time before a game-weary quokka tears some bastard's throat out. ■

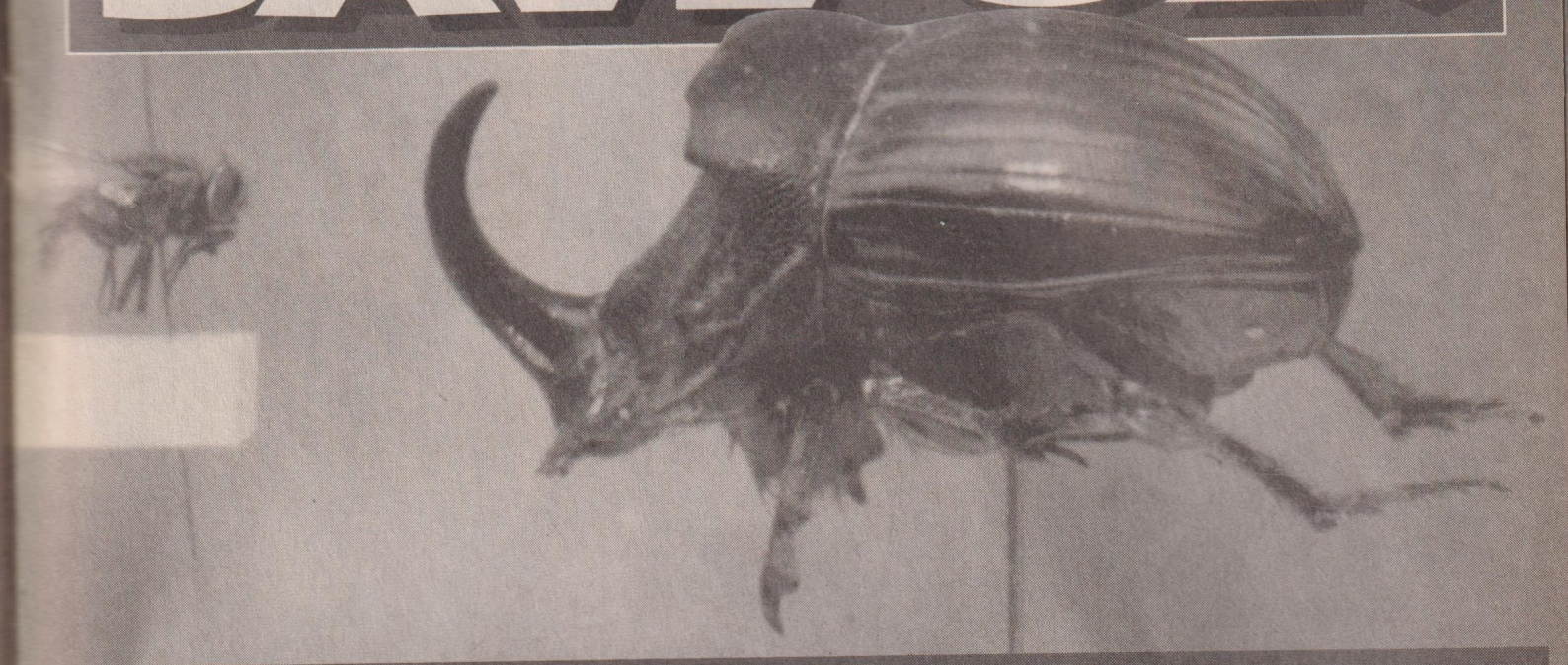


DERRYN THINKS:

If anyone ever tries to play soccer with me I'll bite their friggin' balls off.



BEETLES SAVE OZ!



THOUSANDS of beaut, loving Aussie families have ALMOST been rescued from the relentless misery of bastard flies by an unexpected ally — our brand-new hall-of-fame hero mates, the DUNG BEETLES.

For years, the battle between flies and dung beetles for control of ANIMAL SHIT has been confined to minor skirmishes in isolated piles of dung.

But things have taken a violent turn with our little dunger chums pushing flies to the point of EXTINCTION.

In some parts of WA, fly numbers have been reduced by up to 88 per cent since the CSIRO introduced the FULLY-IMPORTED, luxury-appointed dung beetle to chew its way through crap left by careless cows, homo horses and stupid woolly sheep.

The curious little black blokes — from strange, faraway places like France, Spain, Seth Efrica and Iran — can gobble through three-quarters of a kilo of top quality shit in 10 hours.

Why they eat shit, no one really knows. Perhaps they LIKE EATING SHIT.

Whatever, it means that *Musca vetustissima*, also known as the Australian bushfly, has finally met his match.

They're the best group (of insects) in the world!

[The dung beetle, try as he might, can't do much about bastard houseflies. For that problem they'll need to introduce the BIN BEETLE.]

The Australian bushfly needs shit in which to live, eat and breed.

But if you don't eat shit, you don't shit shit. And if you don't shit shit, you DIE DIE DIE.

Flies have no apparent purpose other than to become hopelessly bogged in the tomato sauce atop a sausage at a family barbie. So they don't stand a chance against the methodical dungers.

For 365 days of the year (AND Christmas), the unsung dung beetle works tirelessly rolling-up beaut bottom balls. Dung beetles don't have public holidays. Dung beetles don't have enterprise bargaining. Dung beetles DON'T ASK QUESTIONS.

Like all species introduced to do good works, there's always a niggling worry that they'll fuck up the entire landscape by wiping out some other vital hero species in the process. Just look at the destruction wrought by the cane toad.

But this GENIUS GENUS shows no signs of causing environmental murder.

The beetles first arrived here in 1967. There were hysterical scenes at the airport and many young girls spent days camped outside their hotel, waiting for a glimpse of their idols.

As immigrants, dung beetles have toiled hard — heads down, bums up, doing the sort of work that our Aussie beetles just couldn't be fucked doing.

Our dung chums weren't originally brought here to kill flies — that's really just a bonus. They came to break up the 50,000,000 ANIMAL BACKINGS that come out of animal arses each year.

[How anyone arrived at that figure baffles us. Did they go around and count them? It strikes us as a pretty HAPPY COINCIDENCE that there were exactly *50,000,000, and not, say, 50,000,001.]*

Contrary to popular belief, manure is only good for the ground if it's broken up and buried — precisely what the beetles do. We'd be in the shit without them! ■

Q: What have you got if you've got a really really really SHITHOUSE BAND?
A: The Dung Beatles!

Another SHAGGING DOG story

And they called it... PUPPY LOVE

A MANGY DOG similar to the one in...oops, sorry readers. We've mixed the captions up, haven't we?

NEW Zealand cops have decided to take NO ACTION against the makers of a homemade video showing a prostitute scoring some RUFF trade — by getting a root off a BIG BLACK DOG.

But the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is itching to see the video themselves — purely with a view to laying charges, OF COURSE.

The SPCA reckons the dog may have suffered PHYSICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL DAMAGE, but police experts, who studied the tape ROVER AND ROVER again (regularly pressing the PAWS button), say nothing illegal occurred and want to KEEP THE TAPE FOR THEMSELVES.

The tape makers found themselves in a SPOT of bother when burglars stole the tape, along with others depicting various sex acts, from their Auckland home.

The thieves demanded $10,000 to return the tapes, or else they'd...well, you can imagine the HORRIBLY EMBARRASSING consequences.

The poor mutt would have been the laughing stock of his street.

The tapes' owner agreed to meet the unscrupulous MONGRELS but also tipped off police who staked out the meeting and arrested three people for extortion.

But one of the would-be extortionists had been so disgusted by the tape, he'd already lodged a complaint with the SPCA.

While Inspector Kevin Glubb of the Auckland police says there is "no indication of cruelty" on the tape, the SPCA want a vet and an animal psychologist to check it.

"The police don't really know and we wouldn't be qualified either," says Bob Kerridge, TOP DOG of the Auckland SPCA.

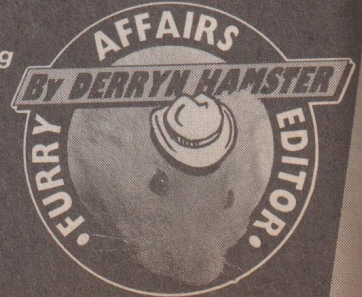
"If we viewed the tape we would get professional advice as well. We are not happy about it and are looking into any way we can take it further."

THE PICTURE tried to catch up with the star of New Zealand's FURRIEST HOME VIDEO, but apparently he had BETA things to do. ■

A horny BIT OF FUR similar to the one in the video.

DERRYN HAMSTER THINKS:

I don't make any BONES about NOT LIKING DOGS VERY MUCH. But I still don't reckon the poor buggers should be forced into embarrassing SEXUAL situations that could emotionally scar them for life. To all those who are inclined to force man's best friend to have sex with them — GET A BIG BLACK DOG UP YA!



ULTIMATE VIDEO

A SIZZLING SUMMER OF SUPER SEX DOUBLES

SA01 DOUBLE TAKE & NASTY LADIES II

If you could assume the identity of a famous star and not get caught, wouldn't you? Watch doubletake. The story of someone who did.

This time they're nastier than ever - and at their very naughtiest.

SA02 TWINS & JOINED THE SIAMESE TWINS

Imagine two twins, one's good, and one's bad; very bad; and when she's bad, she's very good.

A high budget production - depicting KINKY sexual antics of beautiful SIAMESE TWINS. Filled with kinky, bizarre twists and mindblowing four way action.

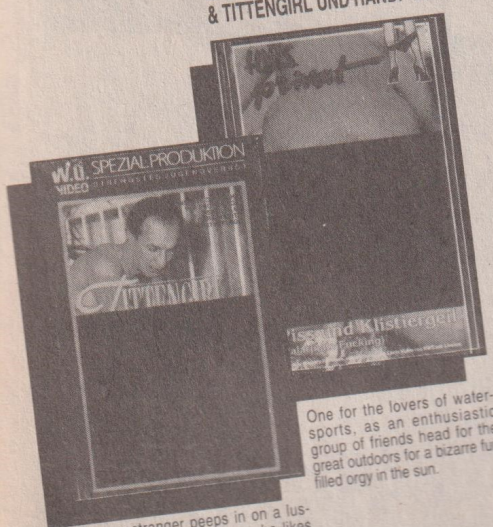
Pink Video...

SA03 UNCHAIN MY HEART & ALL AMERICAN GIRL

Some chain letters are written, some are spoken, this one is performed.

She's your every fancy - a blonde - a brunette or even a redhead; whatever she is, she'll make you sizzle.

SA04 P... UND KLISTIERGEIL & TITTENGIRL UND HANDFICK



One for the lovers of watersports, as an enthusiastic group of friends head for the great outdoors for a bizarre fun filled orgy in the sun.

When a stranger peeps in on a luscious lady taking a shower, he likes what he sees, and sneaks in on her when she goes to bed. What happens next is . . . well, she proves to be more than a handful

SA05 VERSAUTE PUPPCHEN & JUNG GEIL UND VERSAUT

A young couple start the day with breakfast in bed and a very friendly discussion. Later, the wife's hairdresser turns up and gives her an incredible beauty treatment.

When a group of guys start watching football on T.V. the girls decide to do some scoring for themselves . . . with devastating results.

SA06 THE RITES OF FALL & THE RITES OF SPRING

These kids really know how to bring in a new season.

The boys of summer are back. In The Rites of Spring. Some rites happen in the field. Some in the locker room.

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- ❑ SA02 TWINS & JOINED THE SIAMESE TWINS
- ❑ SA03 UNCHAIN MY HEART & ALL AMERICAN GIRL
- ❑ SA04 PISS UND KLISTIERGEIL & TITTENGIRL UND HANDFICK
- ❑ SA05 VERSAUTE PUPPCHEN & JUNG GEIL UND VERSAUT
- ❑ SA06 RITES OF FALL & RITES OF SPRING

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($15 for 2) C.O.D. Add $10

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TOTAL

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TOWN ..... POSTCODE .....
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SIGNATURE .....
(I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE)

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❑ CASH (SEND SECURITY POST) ❑ COD (IF APPLICABLE ADD $10)
❑ MASTERCARD ❑ DINERS CLUB ❑ AMEX

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PIC 8

READERS: HAVE YOU ROOTED A FOR -LATELY?

Ever had a roll with a ROLLS? Got a hold on a HOLDEN? Toyed with a TOYOTA? Well, YOU ARE NOT ALONE! (a bit peculiar but)

BY PICTURE MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

PETER PHERRETT

A YOUNG man's love for the FAMILY CAR was so deeply compelling that he would sneak into the garage, start her little motor, inch off his underpants, sit by her little exhaust pipe and FURIOUSLY PULL HIMSELF.

She was an Austin Metro. *He* was George X, 20, a timid student.

George's case was brought to light by sex experts in a recent issue of *Sexual and Marital Therapy*, a non-humour periodical about people who are SERIOUS FUCK-UPS.

Therapists believe George never found a girlfriend out of fear that his parents — members of a strict religious sect — would disapprove.

George took every opportunity to be alone with the spunky Metro, but he soon found his eyes wandering to the shapely Vauxhall Nova, the exotic Fiat Uno and the hard-belly Ford Fiesta.

But the Metro was his first — and TRUEST — love. To George, the lights and grille of the Metro resembled "a smiling, child-like face".

"Before cars," wrote psychiatrists Amanda Pernet and Padmal de Silva, "his major preoccupation had been with children and adult women urinating.

"Before this, at the age of 10 or so, his interest had been in dogs urinating."

George eventually sought help for his problem. The psychiatrists suggested he keep flogging to the image of his car UNTIL THE FINAL MOMENT, when he was to substitute pictures of nude women from girlie magazines.

"George developed a greater interest in women," wrote Dr de Silva. "However, he retained a strong interest in Austin Metros which we have not yet been able to modify a great deal."

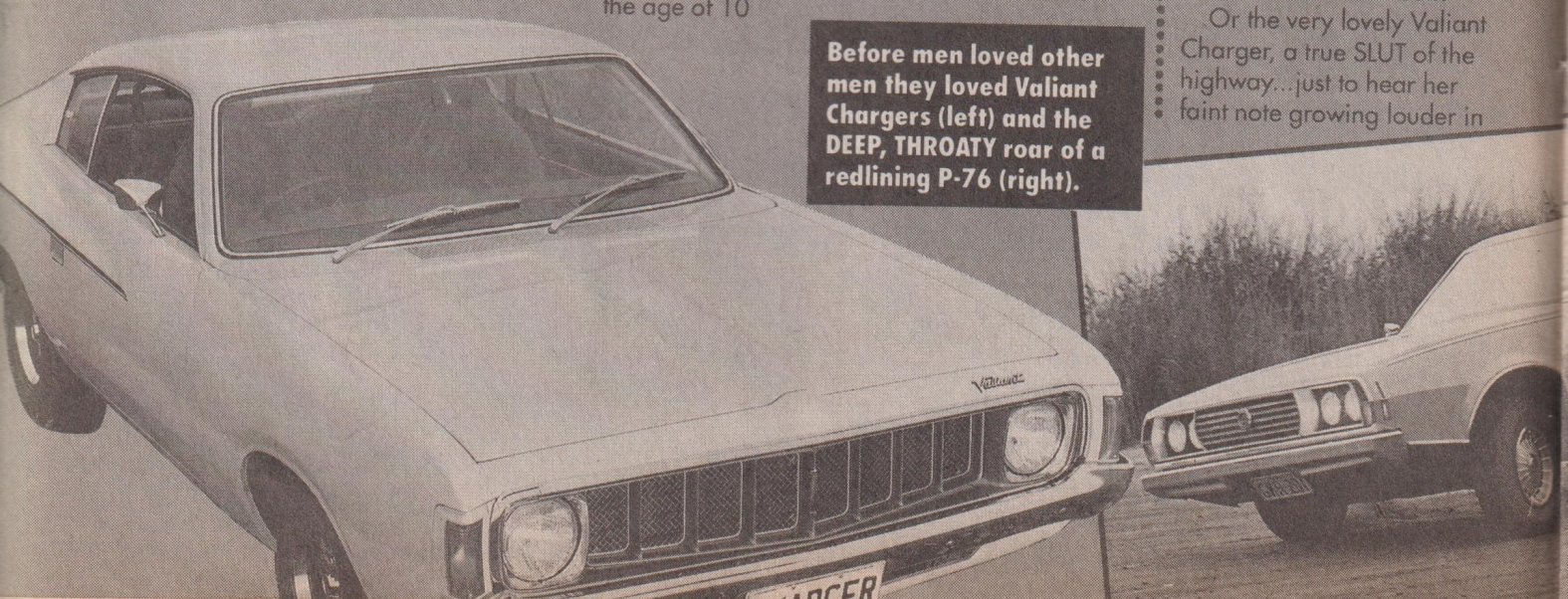
It was claimed that this was the first time this rare fetish had been reported in Britain.

We at THE PICTURE agree that it's rare — rare to get a stiffy over a shite car like an Austin Metro.

But lay us down gently in the bucket seats of a GMH Holden Sandman and we're talking BONER CITY!

To see her fluffy dice gently bouncing from the rearview mirror — JESUS...who wouldn't blow their bolt?

Or the very lovely Valiant Charger, a true SLUT of the highway...just to hear her faint note growing louder in



Before men loved other men they loved Valiant Chargers (left) and the DEEP, THROATY roar of a redlining P-76 (right).

PICTURES COURTESY OUR HERO MATES AT WHEELS *(incidentally a top little magazine). THANKS GUYS!*

your ears as she roared towards you! Your hands would automatically WANDER DOWN and you'd be trying to cum on the windscreen as a MARK OF RESPECT!

Who among us hasn't strolled into a lonely caryard at night to spend some quiet quality time with a GTHO Ford? She's sitting there — ALONE, all red, black and chrome. You pull off your shirt, grind your back on the bluestone, look for her major oil leak — then gently fondle her orb-like differential!

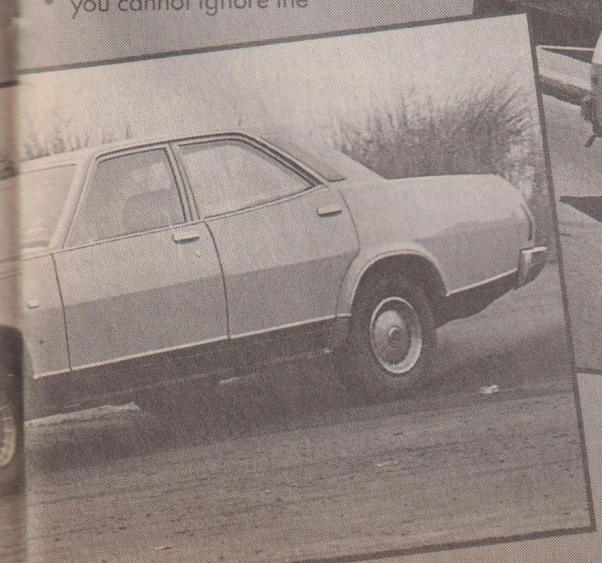
As you sneak out of the lot you spy a GTR XU1 Torana — but you're SPENT.

So you come back to her the following night...and cry on her fender as you speculate bitterly as to what sort of CREATURE could actually SELL such a car.

But lust wins out...you don't need to lift the bonnet to realise that she's hiding triple Stromberg carbies and...and you cannot ignore the throbbing bulge in your stubbies! Out it comes! Jesus — SOMEONE ELSE'LL HAVE TO CLEAN THAT UP!

The next morning you're walking to work...and you SEE it. You only catch a glimpse of her wedge-like rear-end, but there's no mistaking it — the horniest machine ever built, parked in a neighbour's garage, a gleaming powerhouse — A STARK NAKED LEYLAND P-76 TARGA FLORIA! ■

Thousands of Australian men went BOLT HARD over the GTHO Falcon (above) and GTR XU1 Torana (below). Even today they stir the porridge in our bollocks.



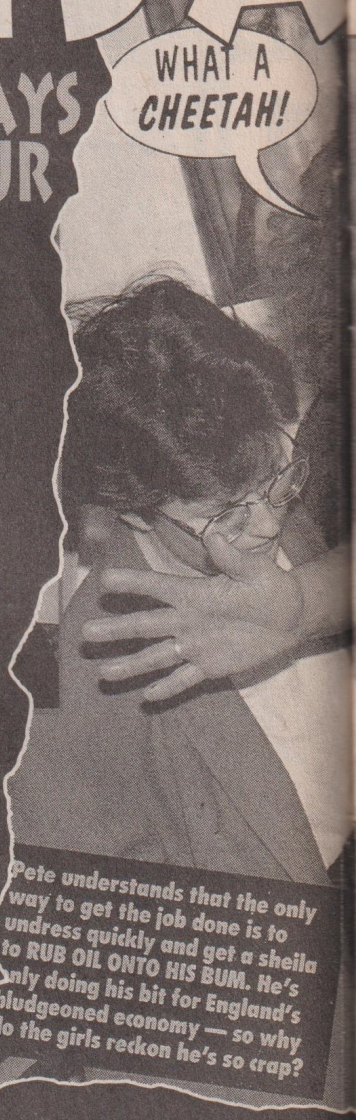
This is *the* one, readers. It's the HOLDEN FUCKING SANDMAN. Just cut it out and stick it on your bedroom wall. It's a guaranteed boner.

Dr Ignatius Jones'

WEIRD WORLD OF SEX

PHACTS-A

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WONDERED ABOUT YOUR DICK - BUT WERE TOO SHIT-SCARED TO ASK



Pete understands that the only way to get the job done is to undress quickly and get a sheila to RUB OIL ONTO HIS BUM. He's only doing his bit for England's bludgeoned economy — so why do the girls reckon he's so crap?

WELL, it's that time of year again, readers, when your kind, caring, concerned and basically omniscient Dr Jones goes grunting through his mailbag — and digs up all those LITTLE things that've been worrying you since the last time he went a-grunting.

Yes, all those burning questions, the anguished cries, the poignant pleas and pathetic scraps of paper that were sent to me by poor sex-obsessed desperadoes!

And surprise, surprise! Guess what topped the list? The subject that most concerned, intrigued, oppressed and freaked you out in '92?

DICKS!

That's right, the MEAT-POLICEMEN of Australia, and are they BIG enough, LONG enough, STRAIGHT enough, STRONG enough — in short, SCHLONG enough — to satisfy the dick-less of the species?

In other words, the Basic Question seemed to be: Will sheilas LAUGH AT MY TODGER?

Well, as you know, I'm fundamentally a far-out fellow and all-round groovy guy and I really CARE about you bastards, so I'm going to give you the BE-all of ORGAN ENGROANMENT — a once and for all TOCKLEY TOUR-DE-FORCE that will answer these questions forever.

Starting with the biggest SUBJECT of all:

1. SIZE

Yeeehaah! The Billion-Dollar Question! The cause of more headaches — not to mention KNOB-ACHES — than any other, and also the SILLIEST.

Because nothing COMES in a weirder variety of strange shapes and sizes than the HUMAN HOSE. And no matter how tiny, tremendous or twisted they may be, they all WORK.

Penetration is not what sends sheilas into full gushing paroxysms — it's CLITORAL STIMULATION, and you can do that with your little finger!

And to confuse the issue even more, penis size has NOTHING to do with body-size, skin colour or even the shape of your nose.

No, it is entirely determined by HEREDITY: if your daddy and your grandaddies could flop out a MASSIVE MONGREL on demand, chances are that you can too.

So why, I hear you ask, do Africans all have such SCARY GREAT KIDNEY-SCRAPERS?

They don't — at least not ALL of them. The fact is though, some races have inherited much LARGER LOVE MUSCLES than others, and nothing is more hereditary than race.

We've been speculating on the RACE/DICK RATIO for years, and here for the first time, is a comparative chart put together by those WORLD-BEATING WING-WHANG DOCTORS Masters & Johnson after looking at heaps of statistics — and UNTOLD HAIRY HARMONICAS.

2. INTERNATIONAL DINGUS ROUND-UP

☞ Scandinavians and Africans tend to be LARGER, both in body and penis-size.

☞ Malays (Filipinos, Indonesians, Malaysians) tend to be SMALLER, again both in body and penis-size.

☞ Russians, Scots and Irishmen (all of whom have a bit of Viking in'em) are usually average to large.

☞ (Chinese, Japanese, Thais, Viets, Indians and, for some reason, towelheads) are mainly average to small.

☞ Europeans (Spics, Eyeties, Frogs, Krauts AND Poms) tend to be just average, with variations upward and down.

But these are very general observations and HUGE variations exist. You're just as likely to find a Thai with a TITANIC TOCKLEY as a Scotsman with a WEE WILLIE.

By the same token, there are lots of Africans with quite NORMAL NIGHTSTICKS, and many a Malay boasts a rather

ND PHALLUSES

Stacks of sheilas find a bloke's furgle-stick very fugly indeed.

PLEASING POONTANGER. And what about us "average" blokes (or should I say YOU average blokes). For your information, a normal organ is about:

☞ Two to three inches (5 to 7.5 centimetres) ON THE SLACK, and

☞ Four to seven inches (10 to 17.5 cm) ON THE BONE.

3. SHAPE

After the size there's nothing so worries a guy as the LOOK of his love-trumpet. "Dear Doc," the letters go, "why does my man-thing point SOUTH — even when I've got the RAGING HORN" or "My John Thomas curls to the left...does this mean I'm wanking too much?"

Rest easy. My good mates Masters & Johnson assure me that though half of all FRIGMAJIGS are straighter than Fred Nile, 40 per cent bend, curve or point to the left and 10 per cent point to the right.

No, organ orientation is caused by membranes deep inside the donger. These come in pairs, and if one is shorter than the other — BENDY BONER.

It's nothing to get tied up in knots about, as the HUMAN HAIR-APPLE is an adaptable orifice and can handle most VIRILE VARIATIONS. It takes one helluva curve before a cock becomes a DINKY-DICK.

The same goes for DANGLE-ANGLE. Though 75 per cent of all prongers point straight towards HEAVEN — 20 per cent stick straight out and five per cent swing so low they practically hang down between their owners' legs even when UTTERLY ENGORGED.

This is no cause for concern. After all, once the SLIME-SEEKING MISSILE has wormed its way IN there's really only one direction for it to go — and a worked-up WAGGY-WOONA is always glad to guide a GRAND WAZOO up to Paradise.

And while we're on the subject of shapes and sizes, a HUMAN TESTE is 1½-2 inches long (3-5cm) and up to 1½ (3cm) wide — and that's ALL. Big bollocks don't mean you're hornier or more macho or a really SOLID SHAG — they just mean you're SICK.

Enormous nuts are caused by a variety of accidents and diseases, ranging from twisted tubes and mumps through to CANCER of the KNACKERS.

In fact, Big C of the Bollocks is the Number One Toppest cancer amongst young bozos and it's a good idea to give your crown jewels the once-over once a week just to make sure no STRANGE LUMPS are forming.

But there's one final word to all those who are still paranoid about their "pitiful" pogo-sticks:

Most women COULDN'T CARE LESS about what your wand looks like. In fact 35 per cent of all sheilas find the erect male penis "ugly and repulsive" and can't wait till it's disappeared up the GLORY HOLE and doing a HARD day's work. ■

I ROOTED MY DEAD WIFE!

It's NOT WHAT YOU THINK, readers!

AS HUBBY Brian Northmore sat beside his beloved wife's deathbed while she slowly carked it, he begged her to make contact when she went to 'the OTHER SIDE'.

Spookily, Sylvia Northmore more than kept her side of the bargain — the plucky little dead sheila spirit came back for A ROOT!

"It was the best sex I've EVER HAD," said Brian, 46.

The deathly deal was struck as Sylvia wheezed in a few last breaths after another serious asthma attack.

Three months after grief-stricken Brian had scattered Sylvia's ashes, he was woken in the night by a dazzling light — at first too beautiful to look at.

Then Sylvia's face appeared on the wall. Brian, whose back teeth were floating on account of how he hadn't had a root for yonks, found his body shaking as if he was having an ORGASM.

"Sylvia looked 10 years younger and had a TOTALLY DIFFERENT HAIRSTYLE.

"My body was shaking from head to toe. It was EXTREMELY PLEASANT.

"I believe Sylvia's ghost entered my body and made spiritual love to me."

Brian did not reveal whether he blew all over the sheets.

"I was vibrating from the inside and it felt like we were having sex."

But that's not all. The randy apparition came back for ANOTHER two weeks later!

And yes, we were also suspicious when we found out that Brian's writing A BOOK about his inter-limbo bonking, but then we changed our minds because WE JUST DID.

We believe this could be an excellent fillum too, starring one of those crap actresses from *Charlie's Angels* and the other doctor from *M*A*S*H*.

Amazingly enough, Sylvia came back a THIRD time and stood behind Brian as he was playing darts.

"She was telling me to get on with my life and play my favourite game," he said.

Brian didn't get a root that time but.

Still, YOU might. With all these rootrat ghosts hanging around, just get a seance going and next thing — VIOLA — you'll be rooting Marilyn Monroe! ■

THE PICTURE SEZ:

Dear readers, if you've ever worried that death means the end of stiffy-dom, fear not — this is comprehensive proof that sex goes on BEYOND THE GRAVE, beyond the thin veil of tears that separates this world from a far gentler, more caring place. Yes, there ARE roots to be had in heaven!

Brian and Sylvia when she was still alive.

A Dear God Letter

Simply cut this letter out, sign it and mail it to God c/o Heaven and you might end up with a spunky new girlfriend just like this one!

Dear God,

I have tried to live my life as a good man.
I have never ever once bonked one of your lovely nuns.
God, I've kept drugs to a manageable minimum and I've often thought that maybe we could get together over a big doob sometime.
God, I'm asking you to send me a brand-new free girlfriend just like this one. Her name is Lola Carreira, aged 23, of Rome, but if she's taken, could you please make me another one exactly like her?
Soon? Thanks.
I love you, God.

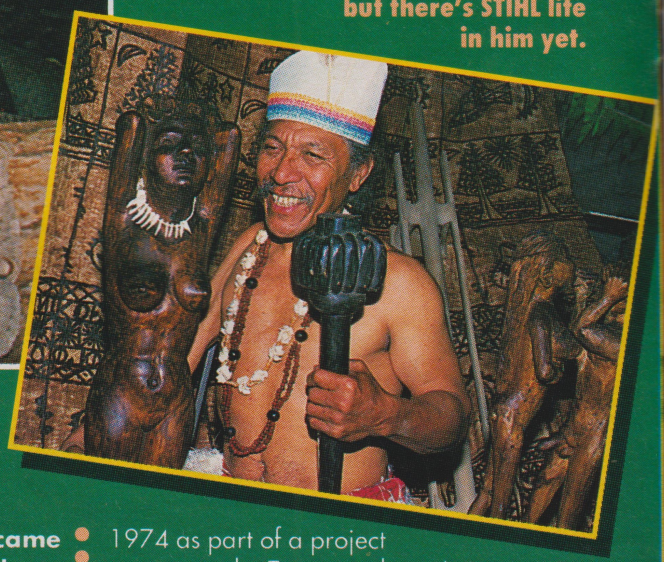
(Signed)

_____

xxx

THE PICTURE
PINUP
LOLA
CARREIRA

CHAINSAW CARVER INVENTS PULL-START ART



Alex might be ageing, but there's STIHL life in him yet.

AN HERO Tongan bloke who makes beaut, ancient wood carvings with a FILTHY GREAT CHAINSAW says that Tongans discovered America long before Christopher Columbus.

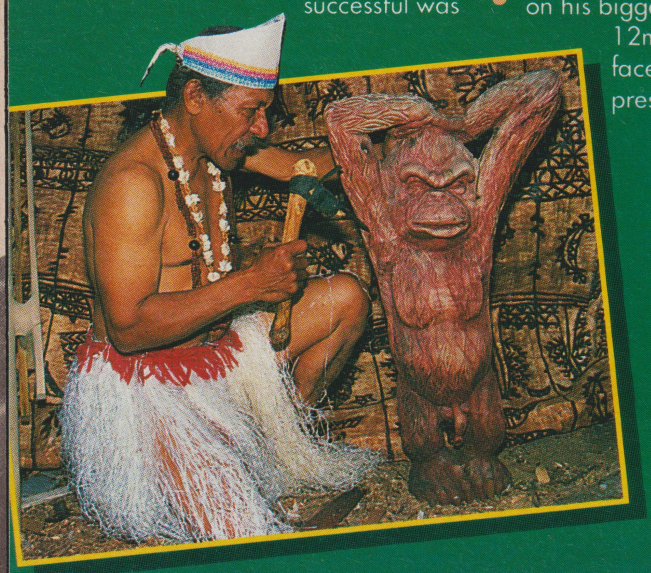
And even though he's probably DEAD RIGHT, it's not important right now.

Alex Prescott, 61, began his carving career in 1941 — THE WAR YEARS — when he met a Seppo who was lying on the beach, warming his donger under the lovely sun in Tonga.

"This guy would sit on the beach every day sketching the scenery," Alex said. "I had never seen anything like it and I asked him if he would teach me to draw.

"He said he would as long as I would make him a canoe, so that's when I first started working with wood."

Leaving school, Alex took up carving in a big way and started flogging his stuff to whitey tourist bastards. So successful was he that in 1973 he took off to Auckland, NZ, to learn new and secret techniques from a master Maori carver.



BUT SUDDENLY, a telegram came from the King of Tonga. It read: "Dear Alex, Come home quick!"

Loyal subject Alex was chucked on the next available flight and raced home to find out what the fuck the king wanted.

"The Japanese had thrown down a challenge to the king," Alex said.

"They reckoned their carvers were better than ours. I was the best the king had so he sent for me.

"I arrived five days before the contest was to be judged, did the carving in four days and won.

"The king was VERY HAPPY. The Japs weren't."

As a reward Alex won a scholarship to the University of Fiji and began work on his biggest-ever project — a 16m x 12m lump of wood bearing the face of every prime minister and president within the South Pacific region.

"The BBC interviewed me regarding that particular sculpture," Alex said. "They wanted to know if there was any HIDDEN MEANING.

"I told them it was simple: 'Satan's seed is easily let in but harder to get out'."

Alex came to Australia in 1974 as part of a project to pass on the Tongan culture. In turn we taught him something of the Australian way: *how to take SHORT CUTS.*

"I found that what would once take me two days I could now do with the chainsaw in a few hours," he explained.

Alex's pride and joy are the sculptures he gave to some Aborigines who were going to visit the Queen (of England).

"I did my best work for these people," he said. "They needed some Aboriginal carvings to present to the royal family. They're now somewhere in Buckingham Palace. That makes me proud."

The man who carved for kings and queens now carves for tourists who pass through Freeman's Water Hole, south of Newcastle.

"The local footy team wanted something different they could raffle off for some money. I made them a carving of a bloke rooting a frog."

Alex believes he still has much to offer, "but I fear I am getting old and my work will soon come to an end".

Among his collection is a gorilla letterbox, a man and woman having SEXUAL RELATIONS standing up, and Homer and Bart Simpson. ■

CHAR WITH KNA

Well, I never! FURRY PALS MADE OF LEATHER!

STORY AND PICTURES BY MATTHEW DELLER

A VERY good-looking brainiac outback bloke who wears a nice moustache has taken IRONY to new heights of IRONICNESS — he makes beaut native animal models out of LEATHER.

The reason we say it's ironic is because leather comes — MAINLY — from dead cows. And there's the rub — cows are ALSO animals.

Des Fishlock, whose surname — ODDLY — contains the name of an animal *[who guessed the correct answer — 'LOCK Ness Monster'?]* is possibly the only person alive making 'wildlife art' out of leather.

And the results are MAAAAARVELLOUS!

Des and his artist wife Sandra, who's a painter, live in Mataranka, a mind-bogglingly beaut waterhole in the NT with heaps of bats and rare palms and...FRIGGIN' RUBBERNECKS.

For a while, Des pumped out the usual crap — stubby holders, keyrings, belts and other assorted Jap fodder.

But 18 months ago he turned his hand to creating more ambitious artworks.

Now he makes frill-necked lizards, cockatoos, crocs, eagles, possums and other bonza little bush bozos.

"I had one woman come up and start to abuse me, saying, 'How could you do that to such an animal!'

"She'd thought I'd caught a frill-necked lizard and had it stuffed by a taxidermist!

"It wasn't till I explained to her that it was all handmade from leather that she settled down and wandered around looking at all the other pieces.

"Her only comment after that was, 'It's amazing!'"

Des had no formal training in art, but the bush brought out an awesome talent.

The most triumphant work we saw was this thwacking great bloody EAGLE.

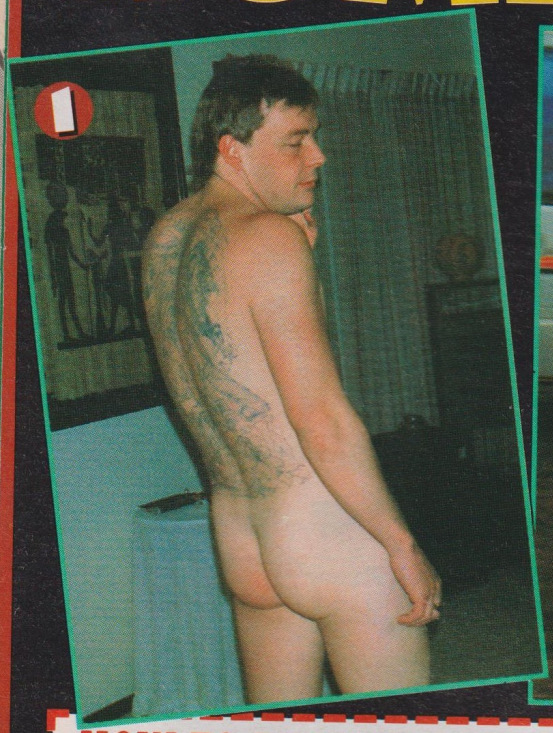
"It takes me about THREE MONTHS to make an eagle," said Des. ■

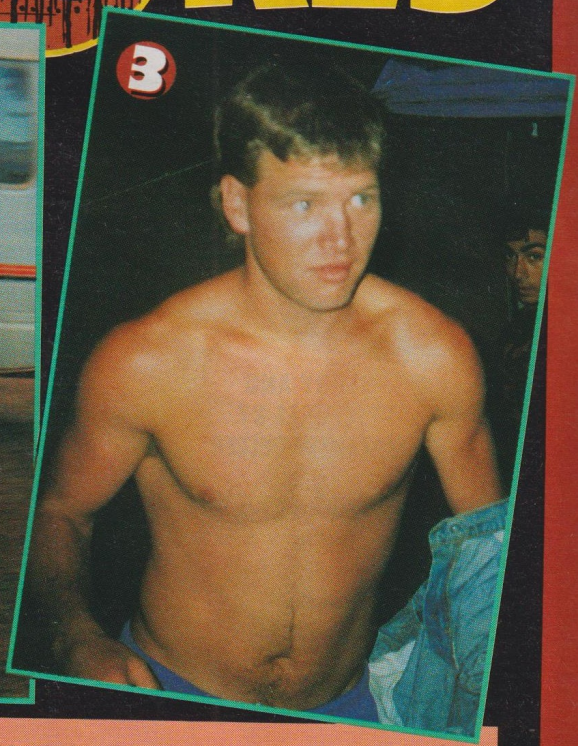
THE PICTURE SEZ:

***If it takes Des three months to make an eagle, then how long would it take three men — working double-time and gobbling huge handfuls of amphetamines — to make 5844 eagles? Answers on the back of a postcard to* Pointless Exercise, THE PICTURE, GPO Box 5201, Sydney, NSW 2001.**

FOR OUR DISCERNING GIRLIE READERS

HOME BLOKES





HOW TO BECOME AN HOME BLOKE

EVERY BLOKE is an Home Bloke, but remember, our golden rule is NO TOCKLEYS-OUT PICS. We won't pay you a farkin' cent, but you'll be in the toppest magazine in the WORLD (gives sheilas the HORN, too)! Any persons sending in Home Blokes' photos without the written permission of the subject will be liable to criminal prosecution.

Send your snaps to HOME BLOKES, THE PICTURE, GPO Box 5201, Sydney, NSW 2001 (NZ: PO Box 6982, Wellesley Street, Auckland). Yes, I want to be an HOME BLOKE! I hereby give THE PICTURE the right to publish a photo of me in an upcoming issue.

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

Phone ( ) _____ (w) ( ) _____ (h)

Signature _____

1 GARY, RINGWOOD, VIC

Gary, 29, is a forklift driver who enjoys drinking. He reckons he was tanked when his girlfriend took this photo and says his favourite drinks are bourbon and beer. Good-time Gary enjoys fishing, the footy and going to parties. Gary wants to become a millionare by marrying a rich woman.

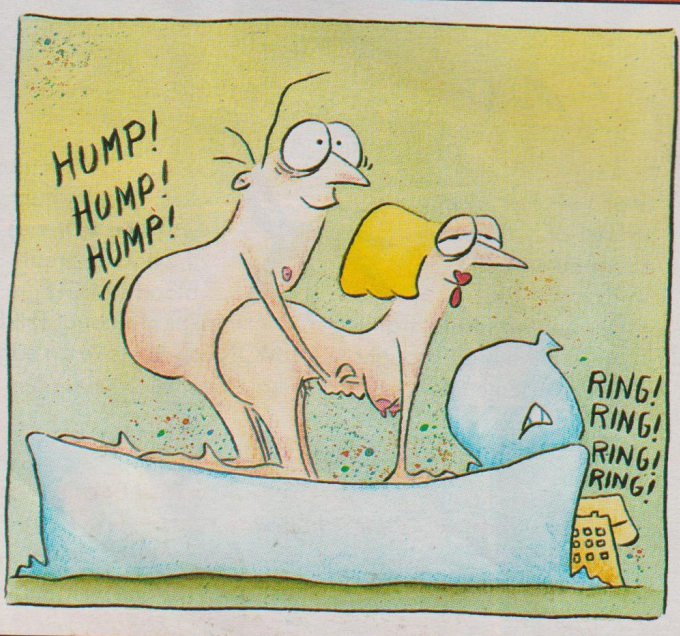
2 ANDREW, TOM PRICE, WA

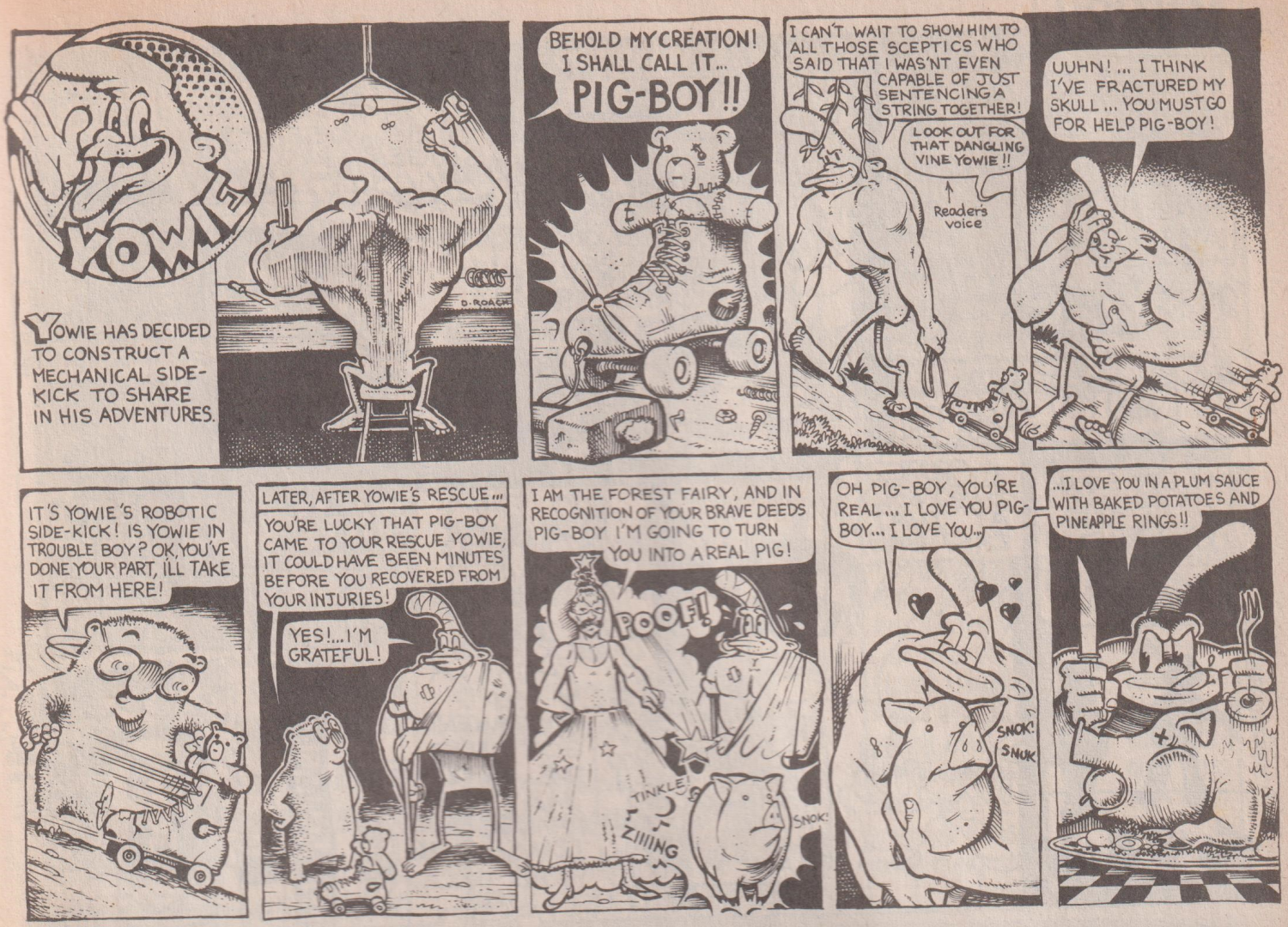
Andrew tells us he was out on the piss with his workmates and was running towards a waterhole when this pic was taken. The 29-year-old boilermaker likes drinking beer and wants to travel through the USA one day.

3 AARON, PERTH, WA

Sexy Aaron, 22, likes living life to the fullest. The plant mechanic enjoys going to the beach and building cars. Aaron's ideal sheila has to have that "certain quality" – but he isn't sure exactly what it is.

BETWEEN THE SHEETS





ANSWERS

CHEEKYCROSS No 159

B	L	A	D	D	E	R	S		B	A	T		T	W
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D	A	T	E	S		B	I	R	T	H	H	O	L	E
	E		C				M		I			O		S
V	I	R	G	O		W	E	A	L	T	H	Y		O
	R		N		O		N		I	O		A		G
E	X	P	O	S	E		W		A		D		N	Y
	U		U	P	S	H	I	T	C	R	E	E	K	
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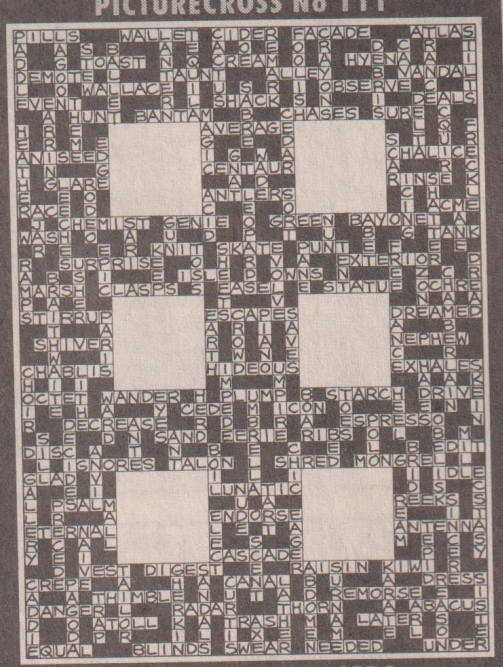
	E		H		A		V		L			L	P	P
F	U	R	R	I	E	S	T		E	N	D		S	P

The tits belong to DOLLY PARTON.

The winner of Cheekycross No 155 is

● **B. Eiffler, Southern Cross, WA**

PICTURECROSS No 111



LAST WEEK'S TEASERS

COLOUR-IN

Across from the top: Prayers, thereby, ashtray, daggers.

STARHUNT

A=16; B=17; C=5; D=10; E=18; F=19; G=1; H=11; I=20; J=4; K=9; L=21; M=12; N=2; O=22; P=3; R=15; S=8; T=6; U=13; V=14; W=7; X=23.
The star is DEREK JACOBI.

FIGURES OF FUN

J=6; K=4; L=5; M=3; N=9; O=1; P=2; Q=7; R=8.

VEXAGON

Pride, primal, prattle, prairies, priceless, trapping, pretend, priest, pizza.

COLOUR-CROSS

G	R	I	E	V	E		F	A	T	A	L			
R		V		C	A	I	N		B		E			
A		S	I	L	L		L	E	S	S	O	N		
D	A	H	L	I	A		T	W	E	E		D		
E		O		N	I	G	H		L	I	M	E		
D	I	T	H	E	R		Y	E	L	L	E	D		
	D			U			C		M					
J	O	S	E	P	H		S	H	A	D	O	W		
A	L	A	N		E	X	P	O		E		A		
N		V	I	S	A		R	E	M	A	I	N		
E	R	O	D	E	D		A	D	E	N		G		
T		U		A	E	O	N		A			L		
	T	R	E	N	D		G	E	N	T	L	E		

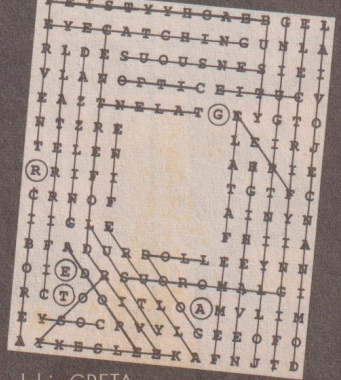
RINGLEADERS

Let, tell, leapt, temple, letters, levitate, legislate, legitimate.

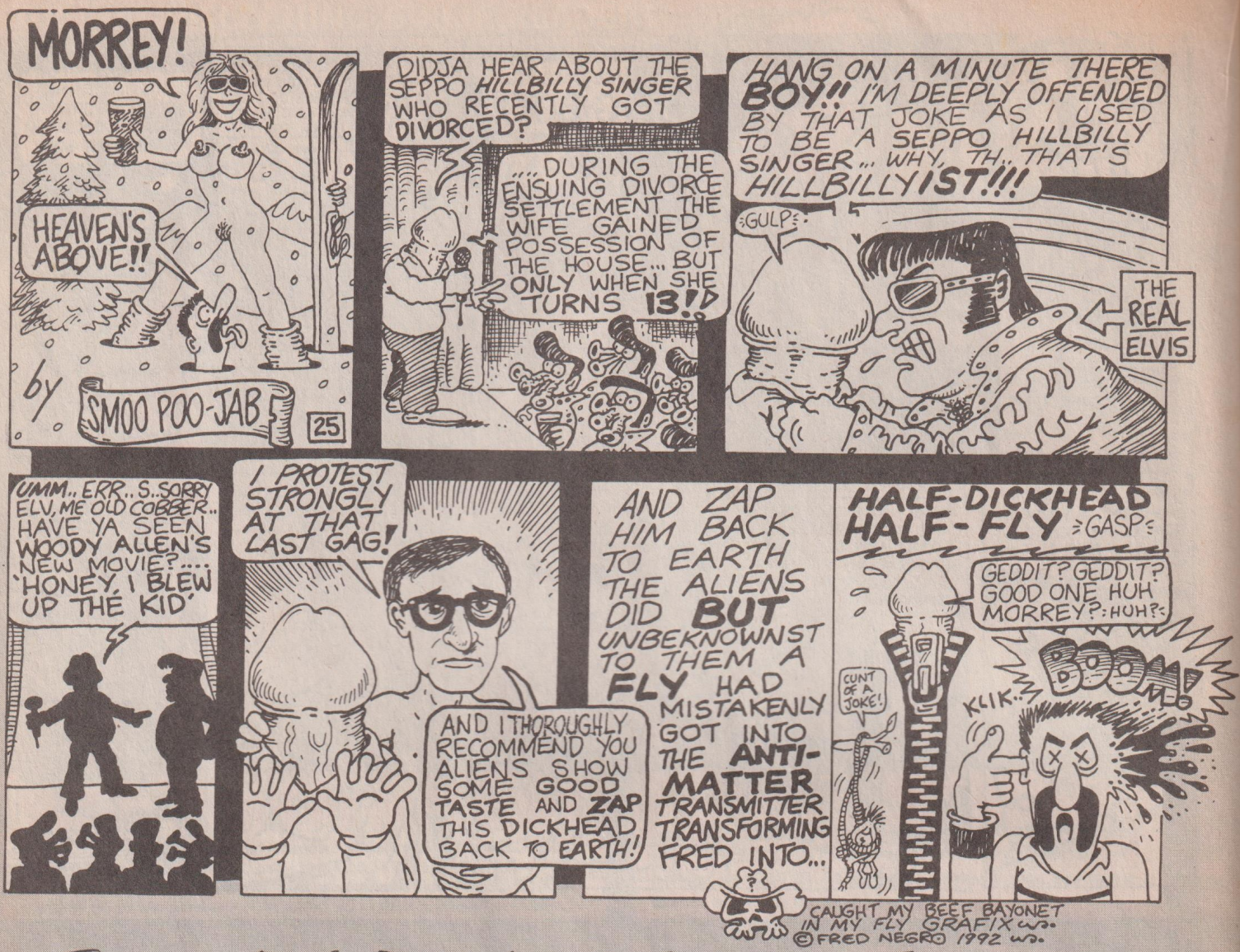
BROKEN HEARTED

Cindy & Keith, Diane & Floyd, Janis & Bobby, Peggy & Neddy, Sybil & Cliff, Oriel & Bryan, Nicky & Willy, Mable & Scott, Magda & Rolph, Annie & Rikki.

STRIPSEARCH



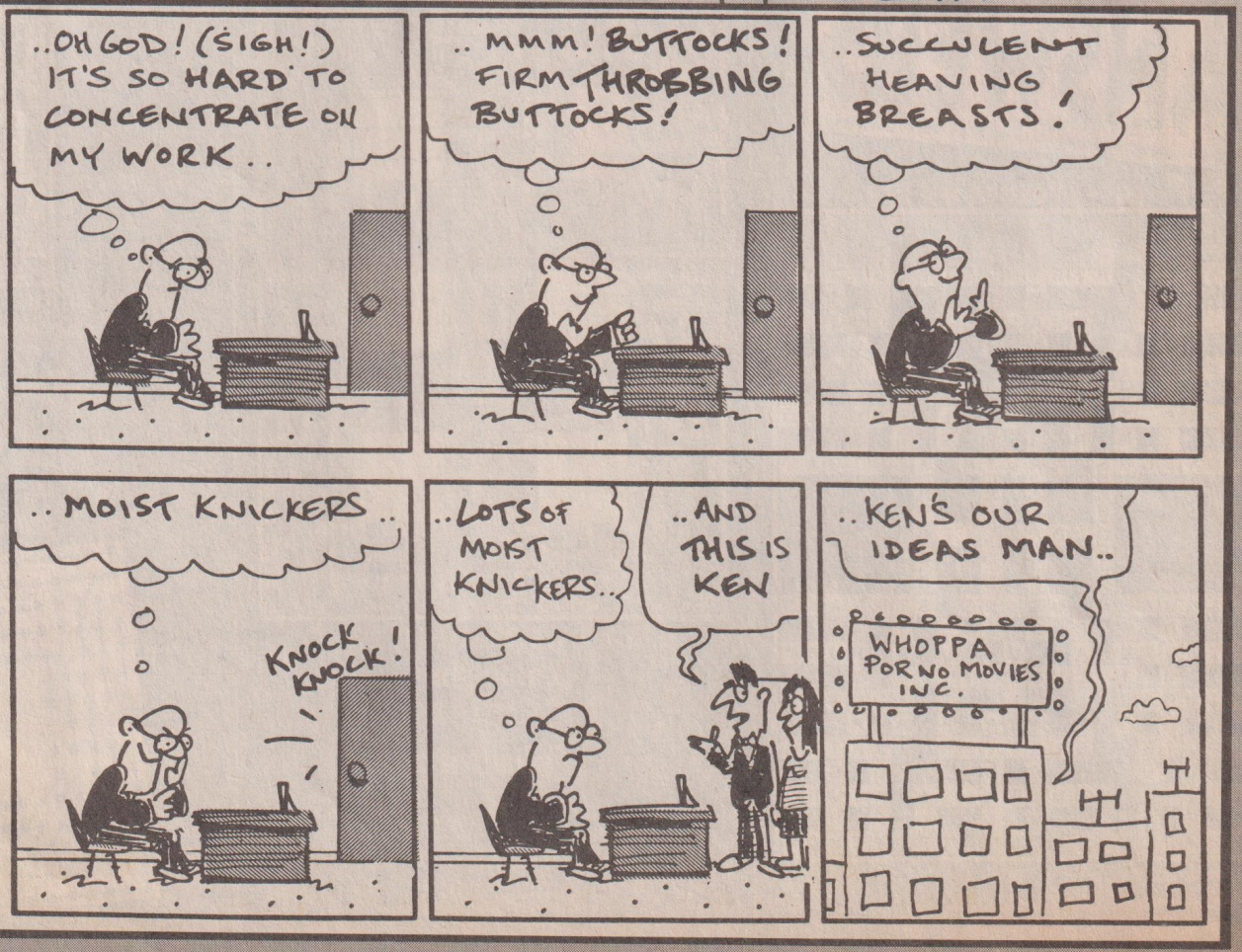
The model is GRETA.



SWINGERS

by Nik

... ONE DAY AT THE OFFICE ...



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Nursing Sister
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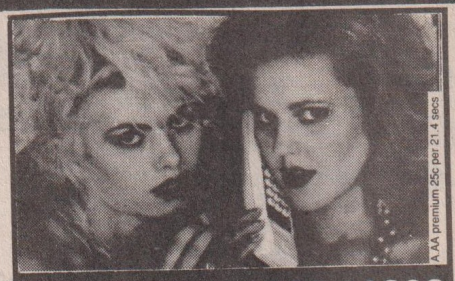

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PINK LIPS	0055 13153
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ALL GIRLS

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Babes	0055 15527
Navy Girls	0055 15518
Sisters	0055 15495
Party Girls	0055 13241
Three Girl Party .	0055 13012
Two Girls	0055 13018
Four Girls	0055 13020

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TWO GIRLS
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Just Dial & Listen
0055 13108

IT FEELS SO GOOD
0055 13164
Mystery Line Special
0055 15624

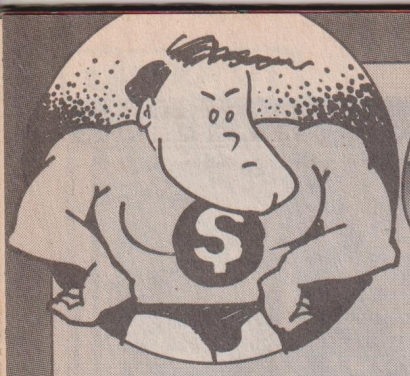
JUST LISTEN!
0055 13068

A.AA PREMIUM 25c per 21.4 secs
JANIE 0055 16021

DIAL A DATE 0055 12977
CHLOE & YOU
0055 15590

JUST DIAL & LISTEN
0055 13131
TWO GIRLS!
0055 15932

A.AA PREMIUM 25c per 21.4 secs



Cash in on CA$HMAN

If you desperately need dollars, tell CA$HMAN why in no more than 150 words. He may help out with a handout -- or a piece of his mind. Write to CA$HMAN, THE PICTURE, GPO Box 5201, Sydney, NSW 2001. (NZ: PO Box 6982, Wellesley Street, Auckland)

DEAR JOHN...ER...MATT

I AM currently in a country prison farm and have not got long to go. A few days ago I received a Dear John letter from my missus saying that she was going to leave me. From what I found out, she started screwing around just after I got locked up three months ago. This is my third time in and the third time it's happened. I'm asking you for a donation so as I don't have to walk out of the gates to totally nothing again. All I want to do now is get back on my feet and keep out of these places and away from women and start a fresh life. Anything will be much appreciated.

Matt, a prison somewhere

CA$HMAN SAYS: Women, eh? Can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em. Man is like putty in a woman's hand. It's a cruel, cruel world. I'd send you some money, Matt, because you sound like a TOP BLOKE, but you didn't send me your address.

LUI, LUI...WHOA, WHOA...WE GOTTA GO NOW

MY NAME is Lui and I am still at school. I work on the weekends to help support my mother, brother and sister but a couple of weeks ago some ARSEHOLE ran me down and FUCKED UP my only mode of transport — my bike. So now I can't get to work to get the folding stuff to pay the man to fix it. Along with my bumps and bruises, my pushbike suffered broken front forks and I need $74 to get it back on the road again. I hope you can see your way clear to help me.

Lui, Taranaki, NZ

CA$HMAN SAYS: Life on the road is sometimes more than a young man can handle, Lui. Just take a look at Bob Dylan. But I know you can do it, son. That's why I'm sending you $75 today. Roll on, brother.

HANDS OFF MY SNAKE!

YO CA$HMAN! I desperately need your help! After waiting six months to buy a snake the day finally came when the eggs hatched and all the paperwork went through. I bought an 11-inch children's python for $150, not to mention all the other money wasted on a tank and all the other crap. This is my problem. I only had him for two weeks and some low-down dirty rotten scum-sucking toad flogged my snake. Please could you help me out as it was my Christmas present from my oldies? Much appreciated as I am very PISSED OFF!

Alexander, Alexander Hills, Qld

CA$HMAN SAYS: Mate, what are you complaining about? You should be friggin' happy that some mysterious spunk FLOGGED YOUR PYTHON. Surely it was better than doing it yourself, wasn't it?

BRUSH YOUR AIR, STEPHEN

G'DAY! I've got a nasty problem. I recently moved to the Gold Coast to try to make some money. I am an unemployed artist and cartoonist. I loaned some money from my grandma and bought some T-shirts, paints and a double-action airbrush which I powered via a car tyre. I made some great shirts and sold them in Brisbane which enabled me to move to the coast. No sooner had I moved when all my stuff was stolen. I know if I could get $300 I could get more T-shirts, paints and an airbrush, and could sell them at the local markets. Then I wouldn't need the dole any more. After paying the rent, groceries and the bond each week I'm left with bugger all. I can't even afford a fridge yet. But if I can sell my airbrushed T-shirts then the only way is up. All I need is a little start and I can do the rest.

Stephen, Miami, Qld

CA$HMAN SAYS: I'm going to help you out with $150, Stephen, because I don't want you to start chopping your ears off and sending them to me like Vincent Van Goff did.

CALL THIS JUGSTICE?

RECENTLY my photo was entered in the golden nipple barbell competition. I would have been better off entering Home Girls — at least I would have gotten something for it. I copped a lot of shit for it at work. But as I don't want to be embarrassed again, please send me some cash just for being in it.

Name and address withheld

CA$HMAN SAYS: Come now, NAMELESS, let's not have tears before bedtime. There can only be one GOLD NIPPLE BARBELL winner and sadly it wasn't you. But we did all gather around the CA$HMAN desk and have a second geek at your tit [in the December 23 issue] and reckon you've got nothing to be embarrassed about. If I had tits like yours I'd be VERY PROUD!

WHAT'S THE MATTERESS?

I DESPERATELY need your help. I have two beautiful little girls and they don't ask for much but I would love to be able to buy them a bed each. They share a single fold-up bed and it is getting old now. I just can't afford to buy two new beds as they are about $150 each and, being on a pension, I just can't afford it. I would be forever grateful if you could help.

Betty, Sydney, NSW

CA$HMAN SAYS: Girls, I know that without a decent night's sleep it's easy top get a bit CRANKY and GRUMPY and FRIGGIN' ANGRY! But now is the time to BURN YOUR BED! I'm sending you $250 today!

SATAN'S HOLDEN

I'M EIGHTEEN *[incidentally an excellent old Alice Cooper song]* and have been put off work because I no longer have transport. I did buy a car from a thieving prick which shit itself (the car, not the thieving prick). I worked my arse off doing odd jobs to save the money ($1000) but the timing gears fucked up a week after I bought the bomb. I'm back to breaking my arse doing odd jobs to get the money to fix it but as soon as I report my extra dollars to the DSS they rip half off me for Mr Fucking Keating. I've saved $200 towards resurrecting the old bomb from the dead but need another $250. If I can get the heap of shit going I may have a chance of getting my job back. I'd rather be earning an honest dollar than spending your tax money. The photo is my mum's handiwork — she's got a sick sense of humour. Your help would be appreciated.

Tim, Bentley, WA

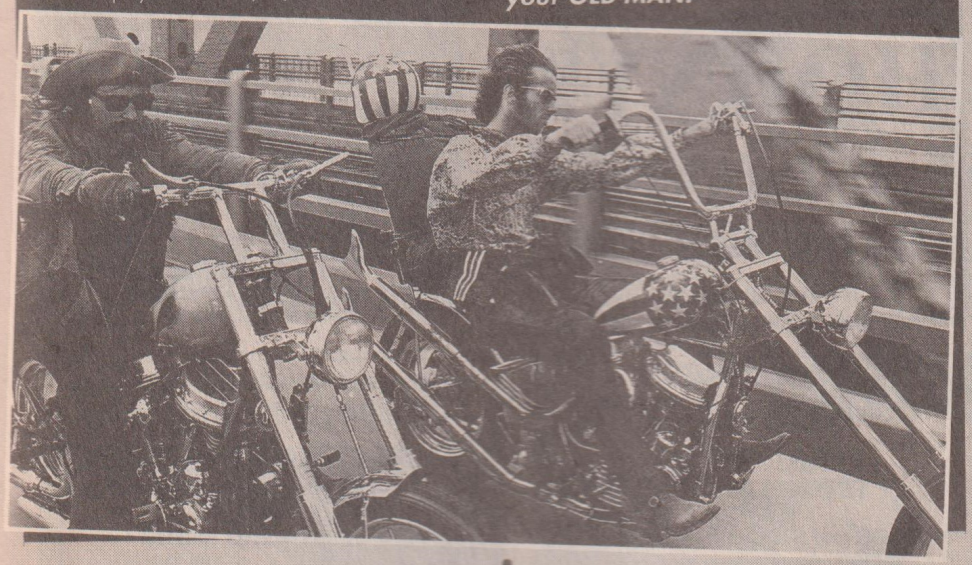
CA$HMAN SAYS: If you could see me now, Tim, you would see a VERY WORRIED MAN. I just don't know whether to give you some money because I feel sorry for you or not give you money because you were dumb enough to buy a HEAP OF SHITE. Gosh, I'm SO CONFUSED! Um...how about I send you $40 so you can drink some beer and go to a movie instead?

HOG DAMN IT!

MY DAD has an Ultra Classic Harley Davidson which is worth $30,000. Well, it wasn't long ago that I was riding my little brother's peewee 80 around the backyard. Dad's bike was sitting in the garage with the door open. I was cruising down the side when I lost control and smashed straight into the bike — tipping it over and smashing the left side of the tank and guard. The repairs cost $575 and I have to pay the money by the end of January. I am only 16 years old and I don't earn any money apart from $128 a fortnight from Austudy. I have already saved up $225 but I cannot possibly get the rest of the money in. Can you help?

Cherie, Ipswich, Qld

CA$HMAN SAYS: So your dad can afford to spend $30,000 on his hog but is too tight to go halves on a $575 repair bill, huh? Well, what a TIGHT-FISTED BASTARD! Sorry, Cherie, this is between you and your OLD MAN.



WISHFUL WASHY

I HOPE you can help me. I'm a mother of a five-month-old baby and have just found out my washing machine has stuffed up. It's going to cost me $700 to replace it or $900 to repair it. My husband and I are not exactly financial. Including family allowance, we get $410 per week with my husband's job. This does not stretch very far — not far enough, anyway. Could you please help me with the cost of replacing my washing machine as I need it every day for the baby's nappies and don't have a car or access to another machine during the week. I hope you can help.

K.P., Thuringowa, Qld

CA$HMAN SAYS: What sort of friggin' washing machine do you own, K.P.? A very friggin' expensive one, I reckon. How the crikey am I supposed to cough up $700 for your new machine! And I suppose you expect me to come over and fix it myself, don't you? Well I'm NOT! Gosh, I'm angry now! But...um...I'll send you $100 anyway.

PRIME-TIME CRIME

I AM serving time in Alice Springs jail and am in desperate need of your help. I may not be as badly off as some people but I hope you can help. I have no family or friends that can help me. What I need is some money to buy a television as it is very lonely sitting in a cell night after night with nothing to do. It's enough to send a sane man crazy. If there was some other way I could get the money I would but I have tried all avenues and come up with nothing. I know I have done wrong and must be punished but I think my freedom is a big enough price to pay for the minor crime that I did. If you could help me you would be helping a sane man get through this hard time with his sanity still intact and time would also be a lot faster passing.

Charles, Alice Springs Jail, NT

CA$HMAN SAYS: I'm not stupid, Charles. I know that you'll use the TV to learn MORE about CRIME. Honestly, the stuff they show on the BOX these days! It's enough to make your hair curl. For your own good, Charles, I'm sending you NOT VERY MUCH AT ALL (except $100. OK?).

Cashman regrets that he is unable to reply to all requests for cash and cannot return your nice photos. Only the letters that Cashman feels like answering will be published.

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THE BIGGEST PRICK IN TOWN!

CAPTAIN HUMUNGUS

YOU MEAN DOCTOR WATSON IS JACK THE RIPPER AS WELL AS SCOTCH MAGGIE?

EXACTLY! I FIRST SUSPECTED WHEN I SAW THIS...

SCOTCH MAGGIE'S TARTAN DILDO?

A THERMOS FLASK— A PRODUCT OF THE FUTURE!*

*The vaccuum flask was invented by Sir James Dewar some ten years after the Ripper Murders. *(Read a little - learn a little.)*

WATSON WAS THE ONE WHO PINCHED MY TIME BIKE TO COLLECT THE LASER SCALPEL FROM THE FUTURE..

... BUT COULDN'T RESIST DOING SOME SHOPPING ON THE WAY!

SHE USED DISGUISE TECHNIQUES LEARNED FROM HOLMES TO BECOME JACK THE RIPPER!

THAT'S WHY THE RIPPER'S HAT WAS SO BIG—TO FIT HER ELABORATE HAIR-DO!

BUT WHY THE MURDERS OF WORKING GIRLS, WATSON?

MY BROTHER MACINLAY DIED OF THE POX CAUGHT AT THE HOUSE OF THE RISING BUM! I SWORE REVENGE!

SO THE ATTACKS WERE TO GET BACK FOR MAC'S JACK! (ACK!)

BRAVO, HUMUNGUS! YOU SOLVED THE RIPPER MURDERS AHEAD OF SHERLOCK HOLMES AND SCOTLAND YARD!

IT'S SUPREME BEING Tod

THAT'S MY BOY!

Remember? Humungus was created in the image of the Creator of the Universe. *(Did you spot the family likeness?)*

NOW TO PUT EVERYTHING BACK IN IT'S PLACE... LESSEE— FIRST PLANET FROM THE SUN, WASN'T IT?

... OR WAS IT THE THIRD PLANET...?

SHIT! IS IT GETTING HOT HERE, OR WHAT?

HA! WHAT DOES YOUR VICTORY MATTER NOW, HUMUNGUS? WE'RE ALL DOOMED TO PERISH!

IN THE ARTIST'S DUNGEON AT THE PICTURE BUILDING...

OY, YOU— ARTIST!

BOY

YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE IT THERE WITH THE WORLD ABOUT TO BE BARBEQUED!

OH YES I CAN! I'M GOING OFF ON MY HOLIDAYS!

...AND HE BLOODY DID TOO! THE END

HCA53-230

SEZ YOU

Send us jokes, cartoons, funny poems, crazy pictures – hell, ANYTHING – and we'll pay $20 for everything we publish. Send 'em to SEZ YOU, The Picture, GPO Box 5201 Sydney, NSW 2001 (NZ: PO Box 6982, Wellesley Street, Auckland)

POETS' POSSIE

Faith Moves Only My Bowels

I was walking down the street one day
I saw a house on fire
There was a man
Shouting and screaming to the crowd
Gathered there below, for he was so afraid
Jump, you fucker, jump
Jump into this here blanket
We are holding
And you will be all right
He jumped
Hit the deck, broke his fucking neck
For there was no blanket
Laugh, we nearly shit
We have not laughed so much since
Grandma died
Or Auntie Mabel caught her left tit in the mangle
We are miserable sinners
Filthy fuckers
Arrrrseholes!

***P. Bower**, Warwick, Qld, who proffers: "The sheilas really go for this weird free-form sort of passionate poetry that doesn't rhyme. And until now I'd thought limericks were the perfect leg-opener."*

Secrets, Signs And Threats From Kneecap Hill

Gidday mate, I'm a fucking Aussie
I write the words worthy of Poets' Possie
I read your mag, me and me pals
We see what ya saying, we drool over gals
It gives us the shits, these toffee-nosed old bags
They want the luscious bodies stripped from ya mags
They're only jealous, their days have long past
Saggy wrinkled tits and a festered old arse
So take it from us and we bloody know
The gals gotta stay or the mags gotta go
It would be a damn shame, I'm sure you'll agree
So let's keep THE PICTURE the way it should be.

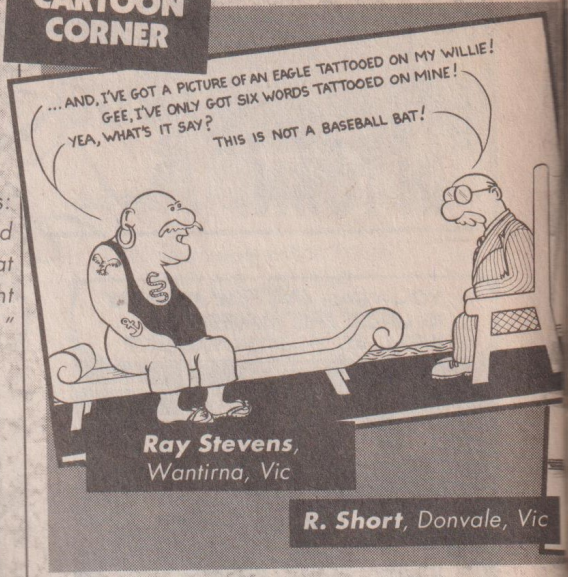
***P. Meszaros**, Mt Gravatt, Qld*

Cry The Beloved Tonsils

The drunk left the pub and had a spew
All over a tiny dog he blew
The dog was stuck in a terrible mess
And could only lay there in total distress
The drunk peered down to see where he spat
"Bloody hell," he said. "I don't remember eating that."

***Noel Mackay**, Ballina, NSW, who writes: "Don't send me another fucking T-shirt." No worries, Noel. We'll donate yours to the Salvation Army.*

CARTOON CORNER



***Ray Stevens**, Wantirna, Vic*

***R. Short**, Donvale, Vic*

SMELLY OLD CRACKS

A LADY waiting for a train decides to weigh herself on the 20-cent Talking Scales. She puts her money in and the scales speak: "You have blonde hair, blue eyes, weigh 60 kilograms and when you step off these scales you will fart." The lady laughs with embarrassment, steps off the scales and farts. "How could it know that?" she thinks, climbing back on the scales. The scales speak: "You have blonde hair, blue eyes, weigh 60 kilograms and when you step off these scales two attractive men will ask you to fuck them. You'll be happy to oblige in the waiting room. One of the men has a mole on his cock." The lady gasps, steps off and is immediately confronted by two good-looking blokes who fall to their knees and beg for sexual pleasure. Sure enough, they end up in the waiting room and, yes, one of the blokes has a mole on his cock. Afterwards, she goes back to the scales. Again they speak: "You have blonde hair, blue eyes, weigh 60 kilograms and with all your farting and fucking around you've missed your train."

***W. Kiesling**, Nerang, Qld*

SUGGESTION BOX

A BLOKE called Simon from Ashgrove, Qld, has written in with some contest ideas. And what great ideas they are, too!

"Why not run a contest for the bushiest, hairiest vagina in the country? All these partly/fully shaven ones become a bit of a bore after a while. The shy women would only need to have the photo showing them from the waist down. A second contest for the hairiest underarms on a female. The photo would need to show a breast as well to keep it authentic. A third one for the biggest nipples on a female."

ALL RIGHT!

1. Hairy smoos. Just send us a close-up pic of your furry friend. We'll pay $20 — PLUS a Nurse Nancy T-shirt — for each pic published. $150 to the winner AND a feature story if you're not too shy. Include a phone number.

2. Hairy underarms. We'll pay $20 — PLUS a Nurse Nancy T-shirt — for each published pic. A generous slice of nork showing is a must. $100 to the winner. Include a phone number.

3. Big nipples. We'll pay $20 — PLUS a Nurse Nancy T-shirt — for each published close-up pic. $100 to the winner. Include a phone number.

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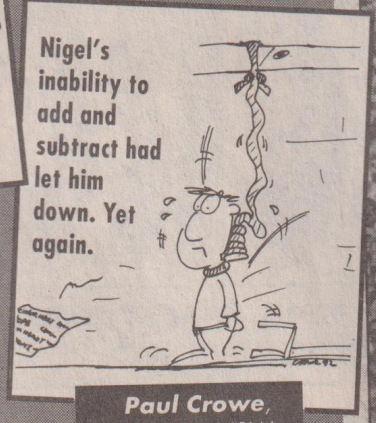
R. O'Brien, Mooroolbark, Vic



Paul Crowe, Toronto, NSW

TWIST MORE TOCKLEYS

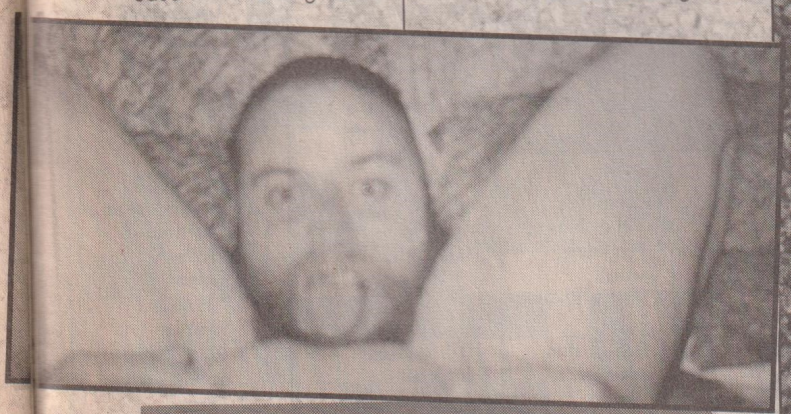
I'VE just finished reading edition No. 222 of your brilliant publication and it WAS brilliant! What particularly appealed to me was the Nude Twista feature. Certainly looked like a great game. I'm pleased to see that you are now allowing us men to exhibit our bodies fully. After all, I'm sure the female readers enjoy looking at a naked man as much as men enjoy looking at a woman. Anyway, my girlfriend and me believe you should continue to show more naked men (and women too!) perhaps in similar story lines to the Nude Twista. I hope you continue your new mature approach to male nudity and continue to show men in the way God made them. After all, we're all the same so let's show what we have. Once again, your magazine is the best!

***Scott Wilkes**, completely at ease while talking about tockleys and looking at them but I don't get a stiffy or anything, it's just like National Geographic but I don't have to explain myself in Lismore, NSW*

DICK FOR BRAINS

WHOEVER designed the human form made one shit of a mess of it. Why were our reproductive glands placed in such an awkward place? Our cocks could be on the tip of our tongue. When we see someone we don't like we could stick our tongue out at them and piss in their direction at the same time. Perhaps the best position for our penis would be on the tip of our forefinger. A woman's fanny could be on her shoulder. If we saw someone really gorgeous we could walk up to her and tickle her shoulder and say: "Don't I know you?"

***Keith Horan**, plagued with thoughts like these all the time in Port Bundaberg, Qld*



HAPPY COUPLES

*This is **Bill and Judy** from somewhere in NSW. That's Bill's tongue. Those are Judy's thighs. Who said that the family is under threat for fuck's sake?*

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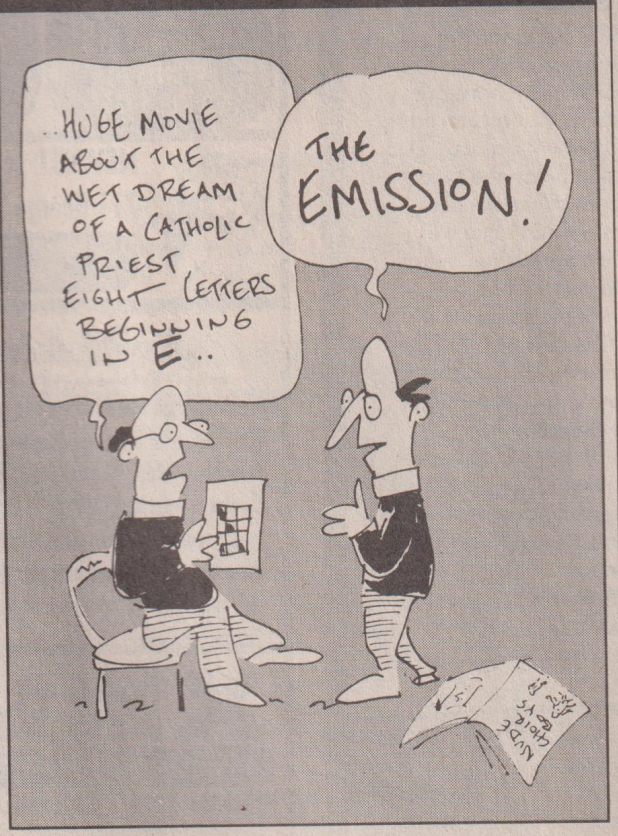
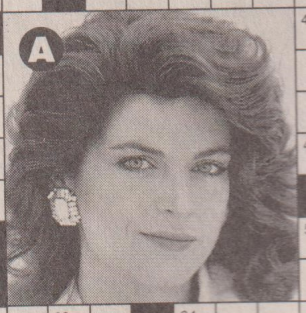
23. PICTURE A: Kirsty ...
24. Property destroyer
25. PICTURE B: Rowena ...
27. Watch
28. Happening
31. Hut
32. Distributes cards
34. Pursue prey
35. Small domestic fowl
37. Runs after
38. Certain
40. Normal
44. Ouzo flavouring
47. Goblet
48. Half-horse, half-man
49. Harsh light
52. Wash lightly
55. Deer's horns
58. Speed contest
60. Highest point
62. Pharmacist
64. Arabian goblin
65. PICTURE C: Belinda ...
67. Rifle blade
69. Clean with water
70. Armoured vehicle
72. Weave wool
74. Glide on ice
76. Flat narrow boat
80. Unexpected
82. Outside
86. Small island
87. Possesses
89. Swamp
90. Clenches
91. Painting stand
92. Human-like sculpture
93. Earth pigment
94. Saddle's foot support
96. Gets free
100. Had sleep fantasy
101. Tremble
102. Sibling's son
103. Type of white wine
105. Grotesque
108. Breathes out
111. Group of eight
112. Meander
115. Slightly overweight
118. Stiffening agent
121. Steer vehicle
122. Surrender
123. Religious memento
124. Diminish
126. Short black coffee
130. Beach particles
132. Spooky
133. Upper torso bones
136. Record platter
141. Modify text
142. Shuns
143. Claw
144. Scrap of cloth
145. Of mixed breed
146. Happy
147. Not working
149. Mad person
152. Hymn
154. Smells badly
156. Sign back of cheque
158. Everlasting
160. Aerial
163. Small waterfall
164. Waistcoat
166. Assimilate food in stomach
169. Dried grape
172. NZ bird
173. Flat pancake
175. Man-made river
177. Attire
180. Fingertip protector
181. Deep regret
183. Peril
184. Detection device
185. Large prickle
186. Ancient counting device
187. Ring-shaped reef
188. Garbage
190. Further in time
191. Of same value
192. Prevents seeing
193. Make oath
194. Required
195. Beneath

DOWN

1. Oar
2. Saltwater lake
4. Encased light
5. Mexican alcoholic drink
6. Desert plant
7. Female deer
8. Comment
9. Idiotic
10. Coloured wax sticks
12. Hypnotic state
13. House support posts
14. Simmer
15. Classical dance
16. Rubble
17. Recess in rock
26. Sword
29. Lobe ornament
30. Topic
32. Triangular tract in river mouth
33. Obtain
36. Art of illusion
37. Fragrant wood
39. Purple-flowered heath
41. Brown skin spot
42. Rim
43. Healed wound
45. Biting fly
46. Walk in water
50. Blood-sucking worms
51. Buck-jumping show
53. Cake topping
54. Break into pieces
55. Corrosive fluid
56. Spotted wild felines
57. Sift
59. Slightly open
61. Horse's neck hair
63. Indian dress
64. Firearm
66. Woman under religious vows
68. Aid illegally
71. Heroic poem
72. Retain
73. Throw lightly
74. Bed linen
75. Develop
76. Window glass
77. Canvas shelter
78. Liberate
79. Sloped walkways
81. Theatre steward
83. Atmospheric layer
84. Morbid fear
85. PICTURE D: Daryl ...
88. PICTURE E: Lindy ...
95. French capital
96. Soil
97. Large group of people
98. Keyboard instrument
99. Rescues
100. Move to music
103. Church singing group
104. Supple
106. Hamper
107. Referee
109. Hell
110. Bundle of yarn
112. Hospital room
113. Visual organs
114. Group of cows
116. Portable rain protector
117. Male pig
119. Foot digits
120. Back of foot
124. Determines
125. Poker stake
127. Hockey on horseback
128. Tapering monument
129. Window ledge
131. Colony insect
134. Furniture for sleeping
135. Flour factory
137. Iron block
138. Bubble
139. Fashionable
140. Woman being married
146. Art exhibit place
148. Extreme happiness
150. Naked
151. Sweet pie
152. Go before
153. Shopping arcade
154. Quantity of paper
155. Earnest
156. Vote into office
157. Keen
159. Amusingly simple
161. Lukewarm
162. Fragrance
165. Suit maker
167. Pickled cucumber
168. Open-toed shoes
170. Belly
171. Family name
172. Martial art
173. Golfer's helper
174. Chinese temple
175. PICTURE F: Jamie Lee ...
176. Foam
178. Explanation
179. Female sibling
180. Snare
182. Nobleman
189. Hatchet

ANSWERS APPEAR ON PAGE 37

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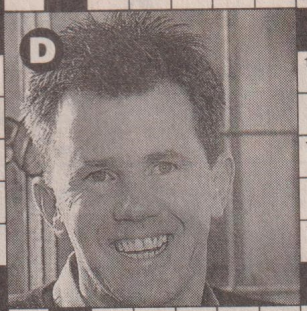
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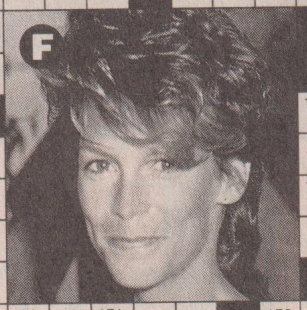

F

PICTURE TeaserS

Answers next week

STARHUNT

22	9	8	8	25	2	★	20	★	1	9	3	16	6	25
10	★	9	★	9	★	16	9	23	★	13	★	23	★	26
8	10	2	10	23	★	10	2	25	★	10	13	25	23	11
21	★	16	★	11	12	10	★	20	25	12	★	9	★	25
20	23	25	24	6	★	★	15	★	★	25	9	11	25	2
5	25	24	★	5	25	9	23	2	25	8	★	25	2	8
★	20	★	★	★	5	★	9	★	12	★	★	★	11	★
6	25	23	★	11	25	9	16	6	25	23	★	9	23	25
9	23	25	2	9	★	★	25	★	★	10	15	25	5	24
23	★	2	★	15	10	9	★	7	25	11	★	23	★	11
8	23	10	14	14	★	24	4	9	★	9	8	10	23	25
25	★	12	★	25	★	24	3	22	★	11	★	15	★	25
2	21	2	25	11	5	★	11	★	23	25	8	25	25	22

★	7	3	14	21	10	21	1	14	25	24	21	9	24	★

THIS is a crossword in which the letters have been replaced by numbers. Each number represents the same letter throughout the puzzle. All the words used are from the dictionary. When you have completed the puzzle, you will be able to piece together the star whose name will appear in the separate box. Clue: 6 stands for "H" and 23 stands for "R". Fill these in and build from there.

DISC-O-VERY

TAKE a word from the left column and a word from the right, add white letters into the middle and form a new word. Repeat this process until you have used up all the word blocks and made them into new words.

LAY	DSCEGOAP	LED
BIG		OWN
TOP		HER
LET		HAM
PIG		KIN
RAN		RED
GIN		WAY
GET		TRY

THERE are no numbers to the clues of this crossword, nor are they in the correct order. You have to find out where the answers go, using the colours as a guide. The answer to a red clue may only go where there is a red square at one end or other of the space. The number in brackets tells you how many letters are in the answer.

RED Across: Social-climber (4); Celebrity (4); Easily bent (6); Restaurant server (6); Singer, ... Warwick (6). **Down:** Morays or congas (4); Mad Roman Emperor (4); Mixes (5); Bank clerk (6).

BLUE Across: Lazy (4); Small island (4); In existing condition (2,2); Lasso (6); Singer, ... Richie (6); Reverberates (6). **Down:** Great age (4); Yacht pole (4); Related (4); Actress, ... De Havilland (6).

GREEN Across: Fundraising function (4); Tehran is there (4); Looks furtively (5); Mock (5). **Down:** Corrosive liquid (4); Number (5); Steal (6); Make into priest (6); Lassie dog (6); Gladden (6).

YELLOW Across: Train track (4); Excavates (4); Wealthier (6); Most senior (6). **Down:** Ear related (4); Pimple rash (4); Musical pitch (4) US novelist, ... Hemingway (6); Stoat (6); Bunny (6); Magician's Hey ... (6).

PURPLE Across: Wheel spindle (4); Summon (6); Excellent (6). **Down:** Bowl (4).

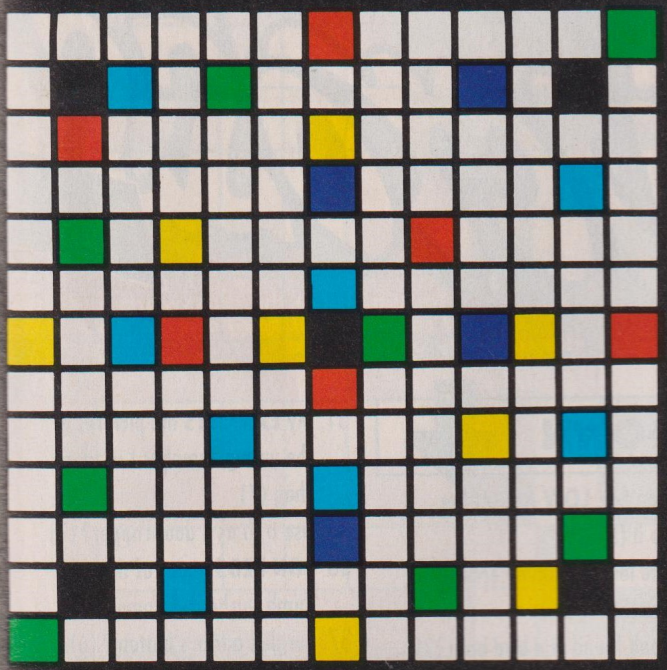
STRIPSEARCH

TRACK down the listed words in the box of letters. You'll find the words arranged in straight lines across, backwards, up, down and even diagonally. Circle the letters of each word as you find them and when you've located the last word, you will have stripped away the letters from the name of the model featured in the middle of the box of letters.

ADORABLE
BARE
BLISS
BLONDE
BONNY
BOOBS
BOUNTEOUS
COOL
COY
DRIVE
ELEGANCE
GENTLE
HAZEL EYES
HEART-STOPPING
HEAT
INTO
IRRESISTIBLE
LECHEROUS
LOVE
LOVESOME
MELONS
MODEL
MOUTH-WATERING
OOMPH
ORNATE
POPULARITY
PROUD
SASSY
SLENDERLY
SPELL
STYLE
SUN
SVELTE
SWEETEST
TEASE
TENDER
VENUS
VITALITY

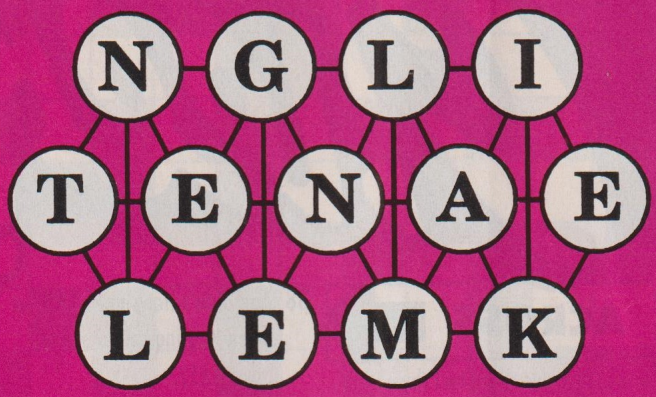
M	O	U	T	H	W	A	T	E	R	I	N	G	R	S
O	I	G	N	I	P	P	O	T	S	T	R	A	E	H
D	S	N	O	L	E	M	O	S	E	V	O	L	D	A
E	L	Y	T	S	U	O	R	E	H	C	E	L	N	Z
L	E	T	A	O	M	E	C	N	A	G	E	L	E	E
B	N	I	E	P						E	T	E	T	L
	I	D	L	H	O					N	A	P	A	E
T	E	A	S	P						T	N	S	D	Y
S	R	T	W	U						L	R	N	P	E
	I	L	I	E	L					E	O	P	P	S
S	Y	V	E	A	D	O	R	A	B	L	E	R	H	Y
E	S	E	T	R	S	S	I	L	B	O	O	B	S	N
R	S	N	E	I	Y	E	O	N	I	U	A	V	R	N
R	A	U	S	T	O	O	U	E	D	R	I	V	E	O
	I	S	S	T	Y	C	S	U	O	E	T	N	U	O	B

COLOUR-CROSS



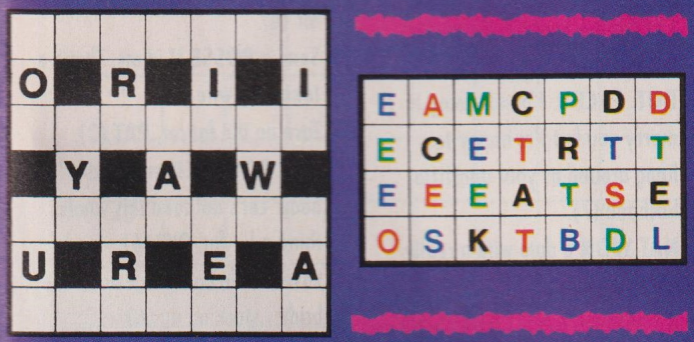
CHAIN LETTERS

CAN you find the 13-letter word hiding in the chain? You must use all 13 letters once only and can move from circle to circle only where they are connected by lines.



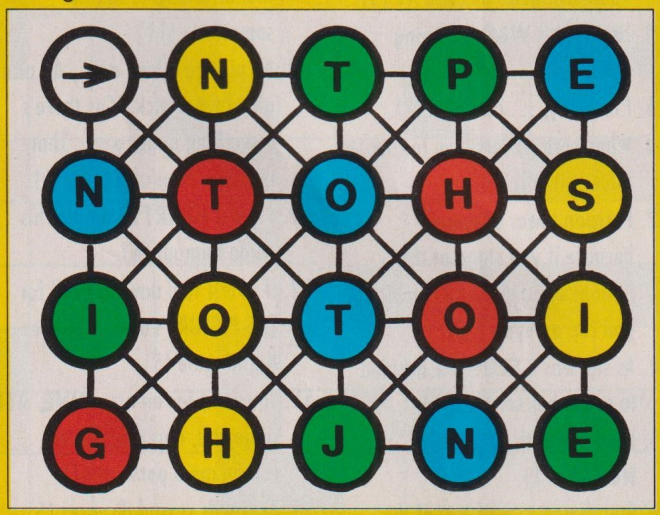
COLOUR-IN

REPLACE the coloured letters into the crossword grid so that each line across contains letters of the same colour. Only dictionary words can be used.



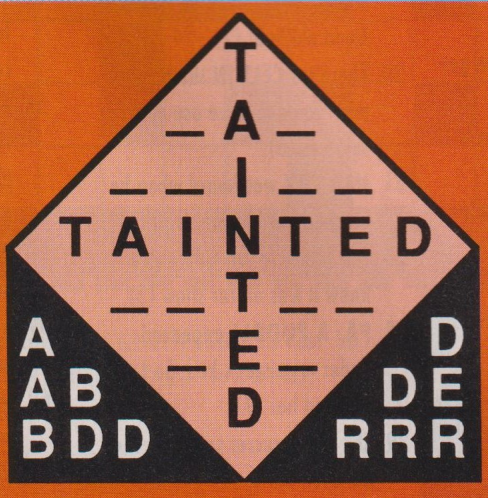
PHRASE MAZE

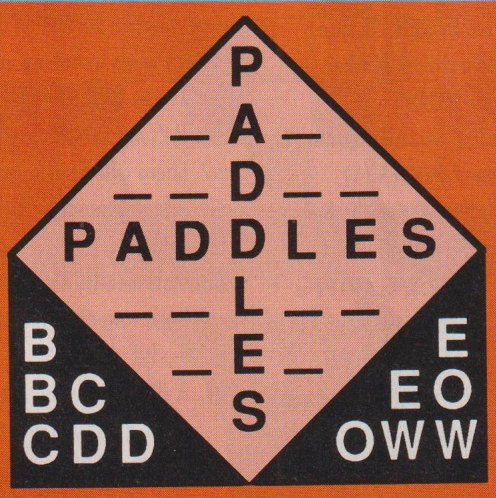
DISCOVER the popular catch phrase where the words are linked with Napoleon Bonaparte. Start in the top lefthand corner with the arrow and move from circle to circle where they are connected by lines. The colours are there to help you and they run in the same sequence throughout the maze.



LETTER-BOX

FIT the small letters at the bottom of the word diamonds into the diagrams to make words which read the same both across and down.





WIN $250 EVERY WEEK

First correct entry drawn after the closing date gets the cash.

RICHARD HEAD'S Cheekyword No. 1

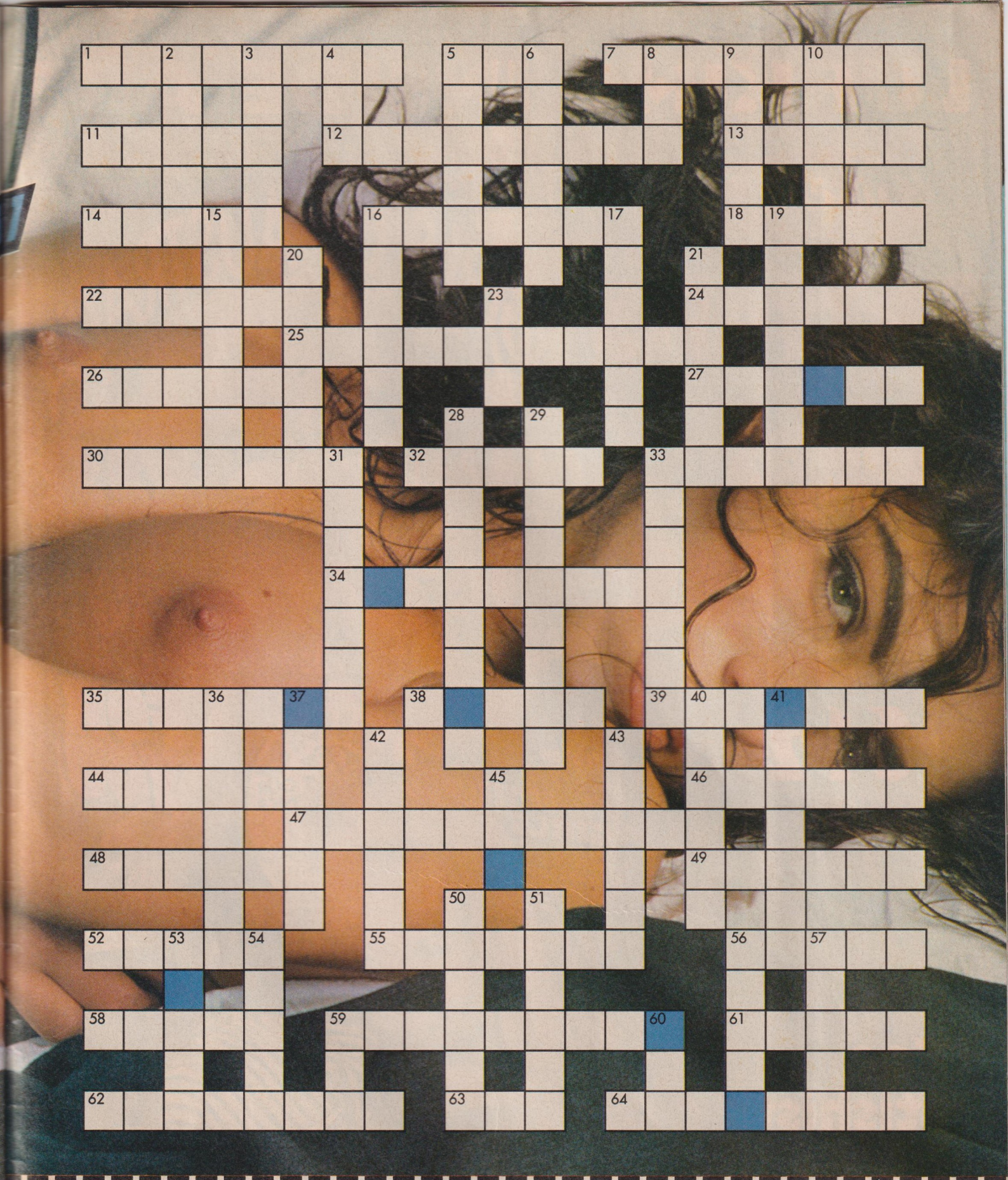
To win, solve the crossword and the shaded squares will spell out the owner of the celebrity boobs. Bold words are anagrams.

ACROSS

1 & 11. In order to protect thy wife's naughty **BITS, THY CASTLE** is not enough (8,5).
5. **DON** got the go-ahead (3).
7. **BIAS STAN** feels means he refrains from rooting (8).
12. A girl who's so ugly you each wear a bag on your head (3-3,3).
13. Wombs. **TRUE, I** haven't given you much help, but you try (5).
14. He shot his **WAD BY** being crude (5).
16. I'm ready, ... and able (7).
18. Where pro golfers love to sink their balls (5).
22. Parisian tower so named because if you stand at the bottom when girls are climbing, you cop an eyeful (6).
24. As she was a **SLUT, HE** decided to solicit her services (6).
25. I had sex with an **EROTIC NURSE** (11).
26. Frenchmen with plenty of this are **LE SCUM** (6).
27. Good old **DEREK. 'E** sure smelled awful, didn't he? (6).
30. Some **TV ROLES** are disgusting. This offends me (7).
32. Send up of **POOFS** (5).
33. Lubricant for those who haven't the time for foreplay (1,1,5).
34. It's like this **PA. CLARITY** is not my strong point when I'm so drunk that I fall down (9).
35. People with seats in Parliament are called these. It also means dicks. Isn't that uncanny? (7).
38. And didn't Hewson **FLARE** up when Keating called him a ... abacus (5).
39. The horny astronauts attempted this as they came back into the atmosphere (2-5).
44. Another ladies' **LOO GIG** for this male escort (6).
46. **I START** to paint, but I'm not one of these (6).
47. What a **TOP SET! MAN, IT** makes it hard to say no sometimes (11).
48. All nice girls love a ..., All nice girls love a wick, 'Cos there's something about a ..., That reminds them of a prick (6).
49. I had a **HEARTY** laugh at his crude humour (6).
52. If ever I feel unwell, I call for THE PICTURE's own ... Nancy Nightingale (5).
55. You went for an arse **DIVE, ATE** some shit, and now you're calling me a pervert! (7).
56. Applauds sexual diseases (5).
58. I'd rate her **SET AS** her most valuable possession (5).
59. By using a shaking action he got **IT IN. BRAVO!** (9).
61. He's my **CORNY** companion (5).
62. Sharp rifle attachments infantrymen fuck their enemies with (8).
63. Most men try to dip their wick, but a rower will always try to dip his ... (3).
64. **A BICYCLE** is the only ride you'll get if you practise sexual self-denial (8).

DOWN

2. Don't be **LOW AL**. Let her do it (5).
3. She looked yummy enough to eat (5).
4. Boob found in a bird bath (3).
5. I saw that young spunk **IN BLUE** movies (6).
6. If she acts like a bitch, then I'll furgle her ... style (6).
8. Ex-PM whose name stands for Booted Out Backwards (3).
9. A **COUTH** way to make contact (5).
10. **I LEAD** the hunt for the perfect woman (5).
15. **DOT, FACE** it. I'm not going to marry you but I'm happy to hang around as your unofficial husband (7).
16. **NAT WON** a date with a really horny woman (6).
17. If I have too many **LAGERS** my old lady gives me foul looks (6).
19. **SEB ONCE** said that women should be ..., but not heard. Good old Seb! (7).
20. There's a **CELT IN** the brothel who wants to have use of our services (6).
21. **HER CRY** was heard when he plucked her virginal fruit (6).
23. The whore in the **CAT** outfit knew it was all for show (3).
28. **PA, A PUDDLE** appeared under my sister's bed. So I cheered her (9).
29. She laid a secret snare for me between her breasts (5,4).
31. My **EX POSTS** me pictures of the young nymphos I used to shag (7).
33. Use a tit as a door rapper? (7).
36. **LON BEDS** heaps of these dumb fairhaired women (7).
37. Furgled a tree's bottom? (6).
40. 'Cos e's feeling horny, **'E REARS** her. But the stupid git uses the wrong sort of rubber! (6).
41. An **ANAL RUT** is not sex the way we were designed to have it (7).
42. I banged her till she was full of air (6).
43. Send a **POSSE U** idiots. They've taken my wife (6).
45. Turn on the faucet, **PAT** (3).
50. Say I **DO! OVER** my dead body. Let's not take this whole thing a bit far, OK? (6).
51. Lovely little belt which holds the bride's stocking up (6).
53. More **KY SIR**? Or would that be a bit dodgy? (5).
54. When I'm gobbling a tasty furburger, I prefer to do this rather than take away (3,2).
56. What's the difference between a Volvo and these spiky desert plants? These things have the pricks on the outside (5).
57. **A ROAM** is in order if you pick up on this scent (5).
59. A weirdo who gets paid to stick his arm up a cow's bum (3).
60. Little word which tells you what your wife's surname was before she trapped you (3).



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ADDRESS.....

..... POSTCODE.....

ENTRIES CLOSE FEBRUARY 10. ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE FEBRUARY 17 ISSUE, AND WINNERS' NAMES WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE MARCH 17 ISSUE.

GUESS THE BREASTS

WHEN you've filled in the crossword correctly, the shaded squares, reading top to bottom, left to right, will reveal the owner of the celebrity breasts.

LURKING INSIDE ARE

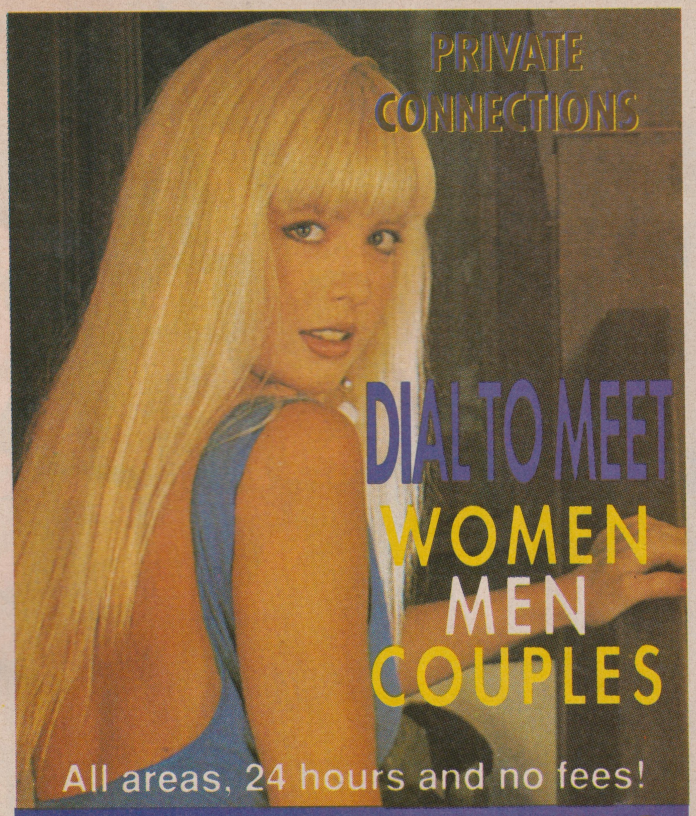
747
BOTTOMS

893
NIPPLES

612
BELLY-BUTTONS

(Toe fetishists note – far too many to count!)

IT'S ON SALE NOW
Only $6.95
(NZ $8.95 incl GST)



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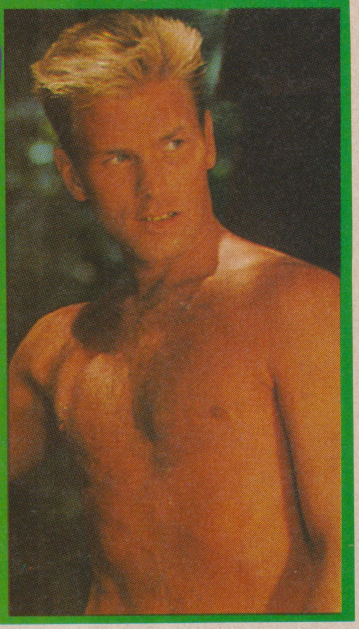

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Simply call our 0055 line and punch in the codes of the people you want to know more about. Listen to as many as you want and then choose which ones you would like to contact. Details on how to get in touch are on the line **0055 16111**

WOMEN SEEKING MEN

D.S. Single mum seeks love and a lasting relationship. Code. 3154.
P.T. Lonely single mum seeks caring guy to share life with. Code. 3155.
L.D. Seeks a man with a good sense of humor to correspond with. Code. 3156.
N.M. Mary Christmas seeks Santa Clause to romance & spend Christmas with. Code. 3157
D.L. Single mother seeks country guy or single father for friendship. Code. 3158.
K.B. Lovely lady seeks romantic correspondance with lonely guys. Code. 3159
S.L. Romantic girl seeks fun Aussie guy's to correspond with. Code. 3160.G.C. Lonely single mum seeks loving guy for long term relationship. Code. 3135.
S.P. Tall blond seeks man for romance and good times. Code. 3136.
T.A. Single mum seeks nice male with no hang-ups for romance. Code. 3137.
L.P. Lady seeks loving guy who likes Harley Davisons. Code. 3138.
L.B. I'm tired of being single and seek a loving man. So don't keep me waiting. Code. 3139.
Y.D Seeks friendly pen-pals with a hope to meet one day. Code. 3140.
P.M. Single mother seeks caring, honest guy for romance & fun times. Code. 3141.
M.L. Attractive young lady seeks correspondence withcaring guy. Code. 3142.
K.G. Single mum seeks loving guy for permanent relationship. Code. 3143.
M.D. Seeks a nice caring man with a good personality for romance. Code. 3144.
M.H. Lady seeks man for fun and romance. Code. 3145.
C.M. Lonely single mum seeks romantic guy for fun times. Code. 3165.
S.K. Lonely lady wants to correspond with happy go lucky fella. Code. 3166.
N.M. Overweight girl seeks love and friendship from a nice man. Code. 3167
A.J. Lonley single mum seeks caring man for friendship. Code. 3168.
I.B. Happy go-lucky lady seeks nice guy with good sense of humor. Code. 3146.
P.C. Attractive single mum seeks caring handsome man for romance. Code. 3147.
P.S. Single reliable lady seeks man with no commitments for romance. Code. 3148.
C.H. Single mum of 2 children seeks caring man for love & romance. Code. 3149.
C.S. Caring, lonely lady seeks a friendly man to love & be with. Code. 3150
K.P. Very lonely lady seeks active, interesting man for loving romance. Code. 3151.
A.W. Single mum seeks a man with a good sense of humor. Code. 3152.
C.A. Caring girl seeks a trustworthy man for long term relationship. Code. 3153.

MEN SEEKING WOMEN

G.B. Fun loving traveller seeks lady companion to share fun times. Code. 1640.
M.M. Young, fun loving guy wishes to meet lady for permanent relationship. Code. 1641.
L.L. Businessman seeks fun loving lady for romance. Code. 1642.
J.P. Loving guy needs lots of loving from a caring lady. Code. 1643.
R.B. Average guy seeks loving lady for a genuine relationship. Code. 1644.
A.W. Sad young guy seeks rosy slim lady to share fun times. Code. 1645.
T.J. Shy lost soul seeks correspondance with nice caring girl. Code. 1646.
B.S. Caring divorcee seeks friendly lady to share fun times together. Code. 1647.
B.K. Fun, caring guy seeks to correspond with friendly ladies. Code. 1648.
A.N. Young caring guy seeks fun, caring girl for romance & good times. Code. 1649.
D.M. Good looking guy seeks nice large lady for lots of romance. Code. 1650.
N.K. Athletic guy seeks large lady for intimate romance. Code. 1651.
R.R. Lonely guy seeks correspondance with friendly ladies. Code. 1652.
A.R. Fun guy with sense of humor seeks lady for lasting relationship. Code.1653.
S.C. Lonely guy seeks average girl for lasting relationship. Code. 1654.
B.J. Young guy with good build seeks loving lady for romance. Code. 1655.
G.S. Single man seeks genuine lady for relationship. Code. 1656.
L.M. Friendly guyseeks fun lady to spend his life with. Code. 1657.
L.J. Youthful guy seeks adventurous lady for correspondance. Code. 1658.
D.R. Caring Kiwi guy shy with girls seeks to correspond with caring girls. Code. 1659.
D.F. Lonely T.A.F.E. student seeks caring girl to share life with. Code. 1660.
R.S. Loving man seeks friendly lady with sense of homor. Code. 1661.
S.H. Blond guy with blue eyes seeks loving lady to share a life of fun. Code. 1662.
R.J. Keen photographer seeks sincere partner for love & friendship. Code. 1663.
R.F. SCUBA diver seeks sporting lady, kids ok. Code. 1664.
J.K. Friendly guy from the country seeks adventurous lady. Code. 1665.
A.S. Great looking guy seeks fun loving girl who likes all sports. Code. 1666.
B.C. Country guy seeks genuine lady for long term relationship, kids ok. Code. 1667.
G.B. Oil rig worker seeks caring lady to share his busy life. Code. 1640.
M.M. Young fun loving guy wishes to meet lady for possible relationship. Code. 1641.

HOW TO PLACE YOUR AD: On a separate piece of paper write your full name (initials only used in ad) , age, address + postcode. Tell us whether you are a male seeking a woman or vice versa. Then tell us as much about yourself and your ideal partner. Send to The Personals GPO Box 5201, Sydney NSW 2000 (NZ: PO Box 6982, Wellesly Street, Auckland)

IN T GAR OF E

MARTHA INGLES is only too aware that her name rhymes with 'Kraft Singles'. But she's hardly going to let a minor handicap like that stop her leading a full, normal life.

In fact, unless they get to know her well, most people don't even notice that her name rhymes with Kraft Singles.

"It's something I never think of," she said bravely when we asked her if having a name that

THE DEN ~~DEN~~ EDAM

rhymed with Kraft Singles had ever stopped her doing what she wants to do. Or *being* what she wants to be. Here at THE PICTURE, we believe Martha is proof that a disability like having a name that rhymes with Kraft Singles need never kill your dreams.

After all, she could have been christened Hedda Rhees. And that would rhyme with 'cheddar cheese'. ■

3 FROGS ON A BIKE

In the fine tradition of French cinema such as *Monsieur Hulot's Holiday*, *Jean De Florette* and *The French Connection*, these bozos pedalled along a nude beach on a three-seater bike for the cameras. It may be extremely funny, it may be moving, it may be a high-point in the long journey that has been the evolution of European film-making. We like it because it's got tits in it.

SYDNEY FREELANCE

GOD HELP ME – I'M A KIWI!

A BLOKE who woke up in a field in England not remembering who he was has discovered something weird and terrible about himself — HE'S A KIWI!

[Just kidding, NZ readers. Being a Kiwi is a NOBLE and WONDERFUL thing, but we like to have our little joke.]

Colin Bradbury wandered into Dorset police station a year ago pretty well fucked in the head, and cops worked out he'd wandered onto a nearby army firing range and been shelled senseless.

Trouble was, when he started coming around, he didn't know who he was.

He spent a month in hospital without recovering his memory, and then was shuffled off to a monastery to try to pull it all together.

But he made some reference to his beloved homeland while on the truth drug sodium amytal, so a photo and story were placed in *The New Zealand Herald* to try to clear up the mystery.

Colin's ex-boss recognised the pics, and the lost Kiwi — dare we say, feeling SHEEPISH — rediscovered his past.

CALLING ALL SEX-MAD BLOKES

WE TOLD you before — NOW WE'RE TELLING YOU AGAIN!

A champion Aussie fillum company, Big And Little Films, is making a flick about male sex fantasies called — amazingly — *Male Fantasies*.

And they want YOU — yes, you there at the back — to contribute your wild and crazy fantasies to their research.

You can pass on your fantasy anonymously, or be seen on screen giving the dirty details — it's up to you.

Write to 'em at *Big And Little Films, Private Box 113/412 Oxford Street, Paddington, NSW 2021*, outlining your fantasy, with a phone number and/or contact address if you want to be in the film.

AND SO SAY ALL OF US...

Seen on a billboard near Sydney's Mascot airport.

PATRICK RIVIERE / SYDNEY FREELANCE

THE PICTURE SHORT 'n' Curlies

SAVE THE HEDGEHOG, READERS!

BEAUT little hedgehogs, spiny pals to us all, are dying out because of TOO MUCH STRESS. The hedgies are having a tough time of it due to modern-day stuff like whipper-snippers, bastard pesticides and heaps of traffic.

They stress out, can't hibernate properly and develop hyperactivity. Then they keel over and chuck a big HEARTY.

So some likeable Poms — and we knew there had to be ONE OR TWO — have formed the British Hedgehog Preservation Society.

"Thirty years ago they only had to worry about foxes, badgers and the occasional gypsy eating them," said society founder Major Adrian Coles.

"Now life's far more dangerous. It's sad because a hedgehog's one of those animals which isn't harmful to anything, unless you're a slug."

And who'd be a SLUG, eh readers?

GET TANKED

Sick of clip-clopping around historic European capitals in poofy picturesque horse-drawn carriages? Head for Budapest, capital of Hungary, where for just 500 forints *[we don't know how much a forint is, readers, so don't ask!]* you can go for a burn around the city streets in a Soviet six-tonne armoured personnel carrier. Be the envy of your friends. Run over a few slow-moving civilians. DO ANYTHING YOU FUCKIN' WELL WANT TO DO!

GAMMA/PICTURE MEDIA

ANIMAL ACTS

ANIMALS have been involved in STRANGE and TERRIBLE attacks on cars. In one chilling incident, a COW completely fucked a Ford Capri by jumping on it from an embankment.

Car owner Shaun Robinson, from Newcastle, England, said: "I was driving along minding my own business when all of a sudden a great black blob crashed on the bonnet.

"The car's a write-off. My insurance company will never believe I was hit by a flying cow."

It transpired the cow had escaped from auction yards nearby and jumped over a fence before hurtling down the embankment onto Shaun's motor.

And in another incident eerily DISIMILAR to the cow episode, Pommy publican Jeff Aston's Citroen was nearly EATEN by a RAT.

He spotted the bastard rodent after lugging some garbage in the boot, but hoped it would just go away.

Then he tried to start his car — only to discover the rat had chewed through the ignition wires.

So he called in a mate with a ferret, and the ferret killed the bastard rat DEAD. So WATCH OUT, motorist readers. Some of our furry pals aren't as pally as they seem.

Wallnuts...

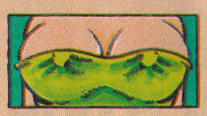
SAIGON SUE'S

REVIEWS
- (R) Restricted to persons 18 years of age and over
- PG Parental Guidance recommended for persons under 15
- (M) Recommended for Mature audiences 15 years and over

(M) ARENA

(21st Century Pictures)
Paul Satterfield, Claudia Christian

THE make-up department must've been sniffin' too much glue in this one — if ya ever thought ya looked bad after a night on the turps, check out *these* alien weirdos.
Steve Armstrong (Satterfield) is the first Earthling to mix it with aliens in the Arena. Kinda like boxing with giant grass-hoppers or huge TURDS.
Speakin' of turds, Stevie the human has to take on this guy with a BULL'S HEAD — makes ya wonder what he'd do if he got the SHITS.
There's a manager with four hands and a cute lil' humanoid-type babe who slips Steve a mickey up his finn. Which he quite enjoyed at the time. Good fun.



HOW THEY RATE

SOMETIMES THEY COME BACK

(Fox Video)
Tim Matheson, Brooke Adams

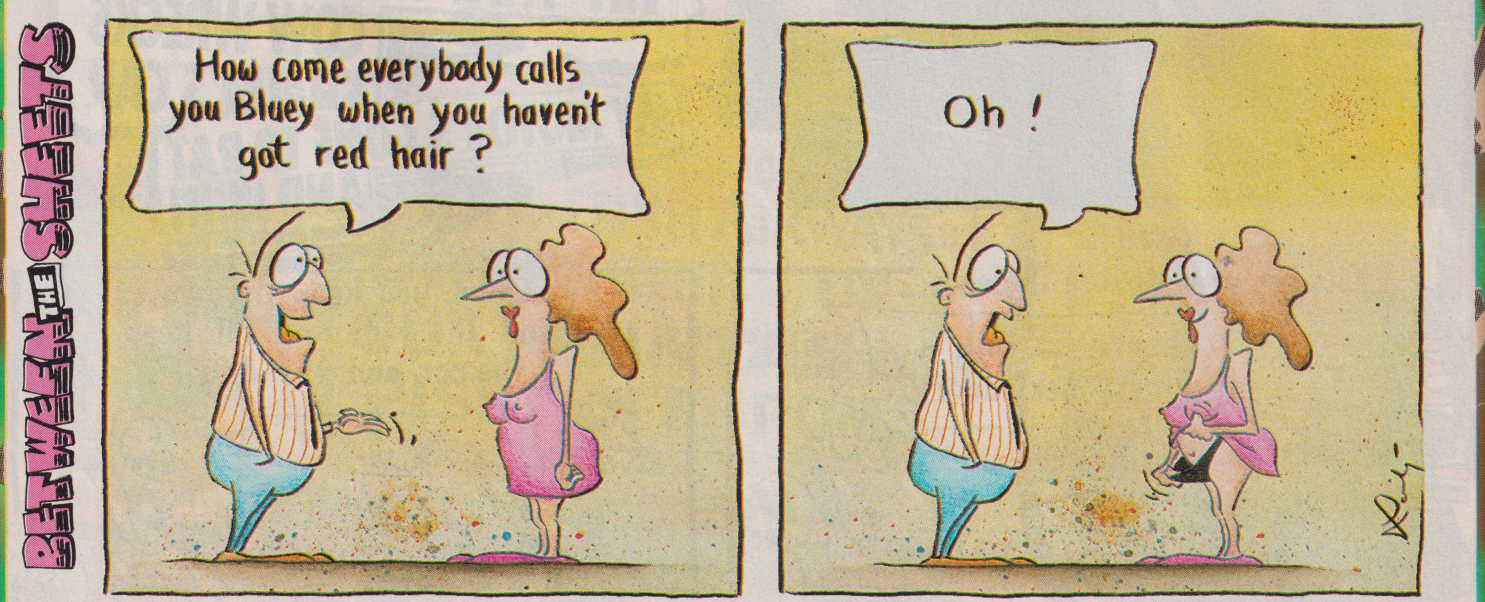
MORE spooky stuff from Stephen King with all the usual creepy things.
A bunch of boys get creamed by a choo-choo after creamin' teacher Jim's (Matheson) young bro.
Nasty mess. So is history repeatin' itself, are the boys back in town after all these years?
I don't know about you but I get goosey in frighty flicks (and it's got nothin' to do with what my bloke just did, tho' I suppose it helped!).

And there's plenty of stuff to make ya grab a handful of flesh — big black horny cars, dead dudes comin' back an' all that great stuff.

THE SWORDSMAN

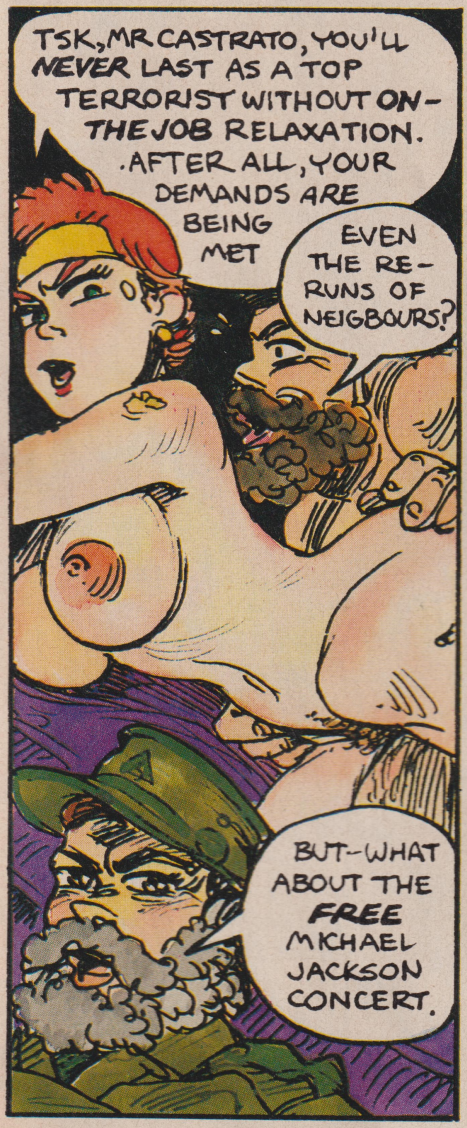
(RocVale Film)
Lorenzo Lamas, Claire Stansfield

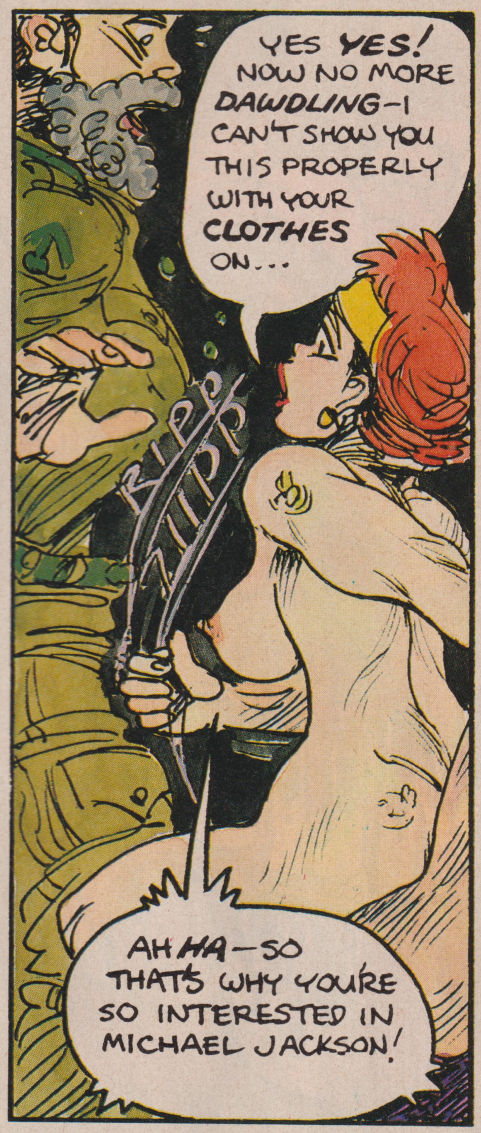
ALEXANDER the Great's long sword is found and whoever gets it turns into one mean honcho.
I've always been a fan of Alex's and 50-odd centimetres of throbbing steel is almost too much to handle, even for me.
Enter our hero Andrew (Lamas) who's so SPUNKY he could make ya teeth melt and Dr Julie (Stansfield), who ain't bad herself, knows exactly what I mean.
Our boy's a hot swordsman and joins a little game where gettin' sliced through with steel means ya kinda lost.
But I'm rootin' (am I ever) for Andy or is it really Alex? Who cares, I'd have him either way.

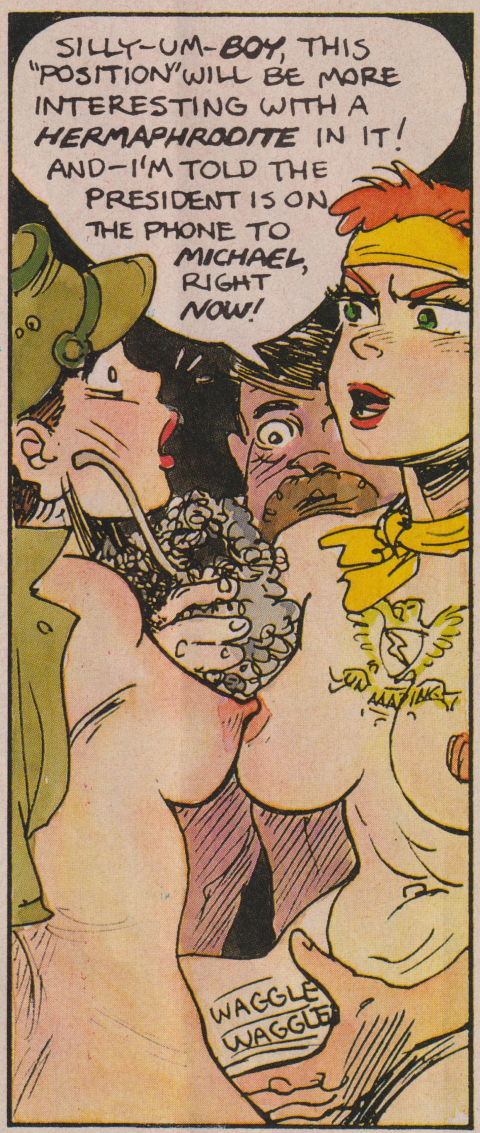


Nurse Nancy Nightingale

WE LEFT KITTY FOLLOWING HER SECRET ORDERS TO BLOW UP THE SUB, WHILE NANCY & KYLIE TRIED TO DISARM THE TERRORISTS, USING THEIR BRAINS AND -ER- OTHER BITS...



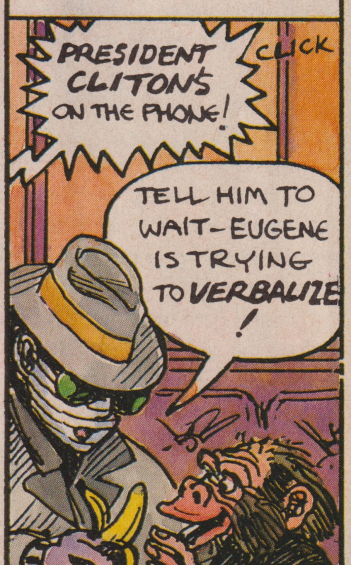




MEANWHILE, KYLIE HAS LEFT HER TERRORIST PATIENTS IN EXHAUSTED SLUMBER, AND MADE FOR THE SUBMARINE CREW'S PRISON.

WHILE KITTY IS HARD AT WORK, TOO...

AND WHAT OF MICHAEL JACKSON?



WILL IT BE A ROCK CONCERT, OR GLOBAL NUCLEAR WAR,-NEXT WEEK?

BY DENIS TORDOFF

The MUSIC BOX

BARBIE was walking past the kitchen when she heard a long, screaming whistle. "It's not me," she called out, just like a young kid who's dropped a greasy, storming fart and wants the world to know that he's not responsible.

The whistle continued, long and steady.

In panic, Barbie shouted: "IT ISN'T ME, YOU KNOW."

"What isn't you?" asked Julie, sticking her head out of the kitchen. It was Julie the seemingly plain secretary who wore thick glasses and frumpy frocks and looked for all the world unrootable and usually went unkissed at the Christmas party. Sniff!

But this story isn't about Julie.

It's about Barbie, who said: "That whistling. It isn't me."

"So?" said Julie. "It's the kettle. Wanna cuppa?"

Barbie declined and walked on through the general office, where the lackeys counted down to the weekend.

She'd just returned from lunch and was going towards Mr Packingham's private suite where she worked as his secretary when her path was blocked by Christopher, the kind of ordinarily handsome young bloke you often see dicking about in insurance offices.

Christopher was bending over, tying a shoe lace.

As Barbie squeezed past his firm buttocks and obvious testicular bulge, a low whistle emanated from between her legs.

Christopher looked up and smiled: "I didn't know you cared."

Barbie felt the blood rush to her cheeks as she stammered: "I didn't, I don't."

Christopher smiled again in a dopey fashion: "It was you that whistled then, wasn't it?"

"No. Yes. It was sort of involuntary," said Barbie.

Christopher was grinning like a moron.

So Barbie smiled and walked on, relieved to find the old man's office empty. Everybody called Mr Packingham the old man. Even Barbie.

"That'll give me time for a quick check before the old man gets back," she told herself, locking the door.

But Mr Packingham, the old man, was in the toilet — YES, HE HAS HIS OWN! — and the door was ajar. Which means it was open just a little bit.

He was drying his hands when he heard Barbie come in. Glancing through the CRACK between the door and the doorframe, he saw Barbie lift her skirt up around her waist.

She did some high stepping on the spot and suddenly whistled.

One straight, sweet note that came from between her legs.

He saw her loose-fitting panties billow forward gently with the force of it.

Then, slipping her panties off, she sat on her chair, and bringing her feet up onto the table, she spread her knees and looked inside herself with a mirror.

Although enjoying the show, the old man knew he couldn't stay in the dunny forever. Stepping nonchalantly into the office, he feigned surprise at seeing Barbie there.

The shock of Packingham's sudden appearance made Barbie faint.

Walking towards her, he leaned forward to get a better view. Barbie opened her eyes and closed her legs quickly as the colour rushed to her cheeks.

The old man looked like someone who'd seen the promised land.

Nobody, not even a doctor, had seen her very birth canal. She stammered with embarrassment: "I thought you weren't back from lunch yet."

Mr Packingham looked happily at her groin: "I brought lunch today."

Barbie, realising her skirt was still around her waist, pulled down the hem to cover her musical muff.

Mr Packingham continued: "Were you looking for something, Barbie?"

"Not really, it's just..." she trailed off, not knowing how to explain her strange behaviour.

The old man was desperately trying to think how he could take advantage of the situation. He decided to take the caring, fatherly road: "Do you have a vaginal whistle? It's something that chaste young ladies sometimes develop — and usually quite easy to fix."

"It is?" Barbie sounded relieved.

"Oh yes. I know a Jewish gynaecologist, Dr Harry Goldfinger. I'll ask his advice."

"Oh, Mr Packingham!"

"Call me Kenneth."

"Kenneth, it's very kind of you. I desperately need help."

"I'll call him. But let's see if it happens again. Just stand and lift your skirt."

With utter trust, Barbie complied and marched on the spot while Kenneth knelt in front of her, watching closely.

Suddenly it happened, one clear note.

"That's it!" he said excitedly. "Just stay right there."

Pulling the phone onto the floor, he dialled with trembling fingers. "Hello! Is that you, Harry? Just listen to this!" Holding the phone to Barbie's hips, she started marching again.

This time the whistle came after only two steps.

"What do you think that is, Harry?" he asked.

"Well," Harry said. "It sounds to me like some cunt whistling." ■

GRIPPING YARNS

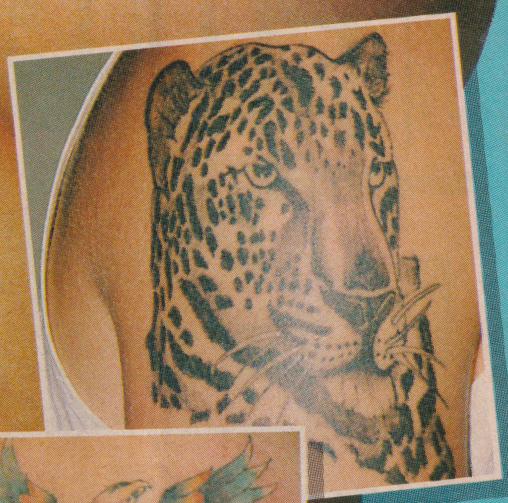
WRITE a short story for this page. It should be funny, sexy, strange or all of the above, and about 700 words. We'll PAY $300 for a story that needs little editing, $200 if your yarn needs a major rewrite and $100 if we use your ideas but rewrite 'em. Send it to John Elder, Short Stories, THE PICTURE, GPO Box 5201, Sydney 2001 (NZ: PO Box 6982, Wellesley Street, Auckland).

TATTS OUT

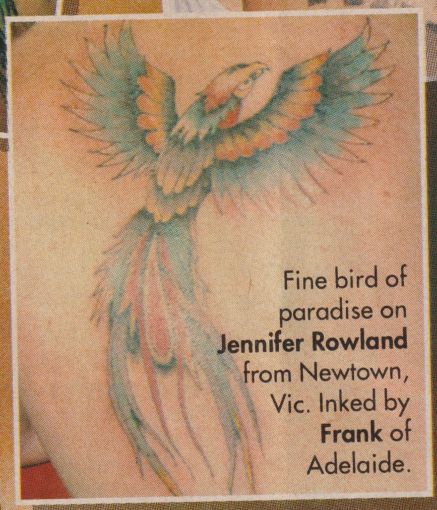
With Tony Cohen

We haven't had many Tatts Out photos lately. C'mon people! We know it's summer but there's still plenty of great work being done out there, so take some photos and send them in. The annual winner will be announced SOON. And remember — the only people with a chance are those with their names and addresses printed on the back of photos!

Patsy Furrow inked this exotic tall ship onto **Rob** from Braybrook, Vic.



Renae from Merrylands, NSW, had this leopard tattooed onto his arm by **Fred** from Skin Deep in Granville, NSW.



Fine bird of paradise on **Jennifer Rowland** from Newtown, Vic. Inked by **Frank** of Adelaide.

This week's featured artist is **Geoff Wilson**. He's at Body Language, Shop 4, Albert Hill Road, Lilydale, Vic.

This week's winner is **Michael Millsteed** from Broken Hill, NSW, who was tattooed by **Warbo**, also of Broken Hill.

$50 TATT OF THE WEEK

Send your tatts to *Tony's Tatts Out, The Illustrated Man, 228A Elizabeth St, Sydney, NSW 2000.* Write your name and address on the BACK OF THE PIC so we don't lose and confuse the bastards. Include the artist's name if you want them mentioned. And if you're gonna stage any tatt-related events, LET ME KNOW — I can inform the uninformed through these pages.

HOME GIRLS

1 KYLIE: CAIRNS, QLD
"Hi, my name is Kylie. I'm a 19-year-old, six-foot, blonde apprentice chef and I just love to cook for the boys! I spend my days scuba-diving, playing water-volleyball, doing aerobics and just lazing around on the gorgeous beaches up here."

2 JULIE ANNE: COFFS, NSW
Julie Anne's been in Oz just nine months from Pommyland, and, quite correctly, thinks it's fantastic. Jules is 31 and single and won a whack of beauty titles back in the UK, like Miss Stockings & Suspenders 1989. Now she's come out of "retirement" to be in THE PICTURE, "clearly the best Australian magazine", she reckons.

3 CAROLINE: GOODNA, QLD
Fishing, camping and "a good session on the XXXX" are the favourite indulgences of this 26-year-old married mum of three young kids. She's a big fan of Cashman and Sez You and sent us her pic "one, because THE PICTURE is the best mag, the only one we buy, and two, because of the money!"

4 JANINE: KINGSTON, QLD
A friend suggested she send in her piccie to Home Girls and good sport Janine didn't disappoint. Youth worker Janine's single, 32, and has a seven-year-old daughter. It gets pretty hot and muggy in summer so frequent dips in the backyard pool are the go.

5 LEANNE: SPRINGWOOD, QLD
Leanne's an 18-year-old single unemployed mum of one who wants to be a model: "I sent my pics to you because I have to start somewhere." She likes swimming, partying and nightclubbing.

Flash For Cash

$100 for every Home Girl
$500 Homie of the month
$2000 Homie of the year

Send your snaps to HOME GIRLS, THE PICTURE, GPO Box 5201, Sydney, NSW 2001 (NZ: PO Box 6982, Wellesley Street, Auckland). Each photo must be signed on the back by the Home Girl. Please include your phone number where possible.

"Yes, I want to be a $100 Home Girl [ ]/$30 Bag Girl [ ] (tick one). I hereby give THE PICTURE magazine the right to publish one of the enclosed photographs of me in an upcoming edition."

Any persons sending Home Girls' photos without the written permission of the subject will be liable to criminal prosecution.

Name.....

Address.....

.....Postcode.....

Phone (include area code) (w).....(h).....

Signature.....

☐ *Yes, I want my photographs to be published in the* 1993 Home Girls Annual, *for which I will be paid $20 at time of publication.*

$200 GIRL OF THE WEEK

JOEY: CHILDERS, QLD

Joey's 23 years old, single and "looking for a cowboy". She may just find one 'cos she's an ace horsewoman and her ambition is to be a regular on the rodeo circuit doing barrel racing. She gets to read THE PICTURE every week 'cos they sell it at the roadhouse where Joey works!

FREE VIDEO OFFER

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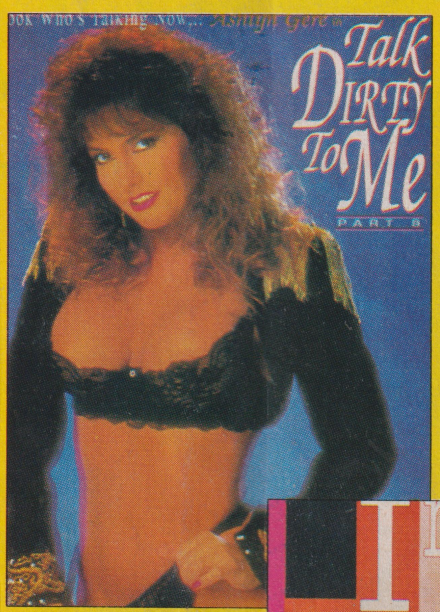
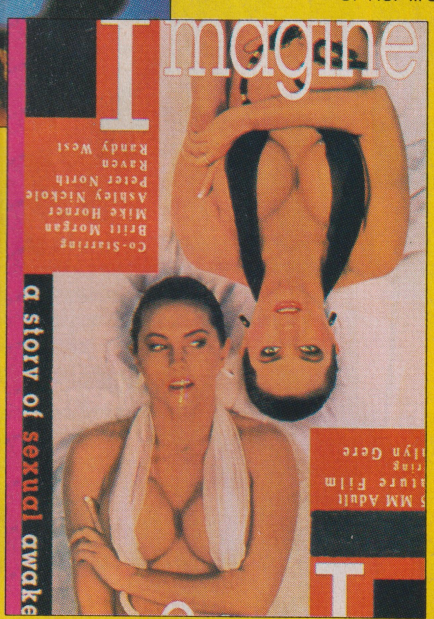


VIDEO

EC1 Talk Dirty To Me Part VIII
The sudden departure of Dr. Carol Lewis from Talk Radio leaves Duffy La Rue as the emergency replacement while the station embarks on a nation-wide talent search.

VIDEO

EC2 Steamy Windows
A successful, strong-willed art dealer mounts the most exotic exhibition of her life.



EC3 Imagine
A young talented advertising executive realises that her whole life has been devoted to her job. Her thoughts must change, and change they do as her imagination takes over.

EC4 Juicy Sex Scandals
Take a peek behind the scenes of Channel 3 - the nastiest news channel on the air.

Send to: HUSTLER VIDEOS or H. V. PO Box 924, Dickson, ACT 2602

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